

# THE BEST OF **KNAVE**

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Features**

**9 Stupefying  
Slugs**

**11 Fabulous  
Girls**







Every month we print four or five pages of letters, letters sent to us by our readers. If you think about it, it would cost us too much to get a professional to fake them. Of course, we still can't prove that every word is true, you'll have to make up your own minds about that — it's all part of the fun! The address is: Penpower, Knave, Hermit Place, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT. All in strictest confidence, naturally.

#### Roller Repro

After reading an article on Mutual Masturbation, we decided we just had to write and tell you about our little escapades.

We are three Motor Mechanics working for the same firm, and as work is slack at the moment we were asked to paint the workshop.

We were given all the equipment to tackle the job and we happened to comment on the soft texture of the sheepskin rollers.

This gave Mark a great idea as to suggest that we masturbate using two rollers simultaneously, this we decided to try out, and to our utter amazement we found that the softness of the rollers were an exact reproduction of a woman's vagina. We have been using this method now between us for three weeks, and we can honestly say that it has got to be tried to be believed. — Tom, Sid and Mark, Kensington.

#### Closet Autosexual

I am glad that masturbation has finally come out of the closet, as it were, it has been an unmentionable subject for too long.

I began when I was quite young. I remember discovering pleasure just by rubbing cool sheets between my thighs. That of course led to caressing myself and, later, inserting a finger or two into

my wet vagina. Yet I still remained naive about *real* sex — it was merely a pleasure to be found while alone.

I discussed my discovery with a close friend who had not yet experienced the same sensations, so one afternoon, at the back of the rest room, I whispered instructions to her. She promised to try it that night in bed and, the next morning, admitted that she had had a really funny feeling. Then a few weeks later we found a sexy book at her parent's place, which explained all the emotions we were experiencing and also explained a lot about how men and women made love. We started looking at boys in a new light.

This leads me to a more recent event. Even with my early experiences of masturbation I could never bring myself to mention it to my husband, even though our relationship is very close and fulfilling. However, whilst he was on leave recently I managed to sneak home after lunch one day. I entered the house quietly, expecting him to be asleep, and crept upstairs. I peered into the bedroom and saw Colin lying on the bed and looking at a magazine, with his erect cock in his hand. I watched, mesmerized, as he slowly moved it up and down. He kept going for a while, stopped for a few moments and

then continued once more.

Suddenly I felt a trickle run down my thigh and when I touched my knickers they were drenched. The more he went on the wetter I got and the more excited I felt. I just had to caress myself, so I quietly removed my knickers, then my blouse, while still watching him.

I sat down in the doorway with my legs splayed, rubbing a very wet pussy with mounting excitement. Then I must have groaned for he looked across. The look of astonishment on his face was a picture. I think he would have been embarrassed if I had not gone over to him at once and told him to keep going because I found it so stimulating. Then he did something I did not think possible — he allowed himself to come in small amounts, stopping each time and massaging it into his cock. When he finally let go I couldn't resist licking all the come from his penis — and climaxed myself while I did so.

This occasion of course led to some discussion, and now masturbation plays an interesting part in our relationship. Sometimes we play with ourselves while the other watches, (which I really enjoy — Colin likes me to use a vibrator), and it still remains a wonderful release for those quiet moments on my own.

I have only mentioned this to one other person, the girl who I 'taught' to masturbate, who is still a close friend. We talked it over and she said she'd love to watch Colin doing it because she doesn't have a boyfriend of her own at the moment. Maybe. . . — Ann J., W. London.

#### Virgin On The Ridiculous

I am a 30 year old virgin male, and although I have hopes of altering that status, (the virgin part that is), I nevertheless do know the female form, what happens where and so forth, and enjoy taking and reading your excellent publications.

The one thing that spoils it all for me, however, are the letters written by certain men, full of blow by blow accounts of the 'sexploits'. I have come to the conclusion that these are either all written by the same chap, or you have employed a team of fiction writers to dream up these masterpieces. Not only do they all seem to be written by chaps with enormous tools, but equally they seem to have no bother in finding randy young women with huge tits lying about all over the country, whose sole ambition is to get screwed, gobble spunk, and wank themselves.

The situation has now been reached where one letter is very much like another, and to read a ceaseless torrent of what seems to be a screenplay of 'Caligula' is, to my mind, not only boring but a waste of a good magazine's time and money. I realise that as one who has never screwed, fondled etc, I am a fine one to talk, but I suspect that a goodly number of your correspondents, if not inventing their stories, have more than likely embroidered things to show themselves in a better light. — R.J., Isle of Wight.

#### Cromwell's Complaint

Your readers have written in the past concerning the pros and cons of circumcision, and I feel I should put the matter straight. Apart from women who have their personal preferences, only men who have experienced both states can really qualify to give an opinion, as I can.

I was circumcised about four years ago by my own choice, for reasons of

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# H A Z E L



You know the feeling. A night out at some wickedly expensive disco club. Lots of high decibel funk doing your brain a disservice. All the available girls giving you the cold shoulder of mutton dressed up as lamb. And the only thing to look forward to is a reasonably rude routine from the floor show. So finally this gorgeous little dancer comes out to strut her stuff and does an extremely warm gossip imitation all over the stage. Except she's gone and kept her bloody knickers on! Well, in our endless crusade against such rotten spoil-sports, we thought we'd let you see Hazel the way you'd really like to. Hot stuff, huh! Then we followed her into the dressing room for an intimate peep at our artiste relaxing back-stage. But the poor girl had turned herself on, what with all that knickerless cavorting. Careful with the hairbrush, darling. (These pictures were shot exclusively for Knave at the Kilburncabana discorama ballroom, Shoot Up Hill, London NW2.)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY K.K. JONES

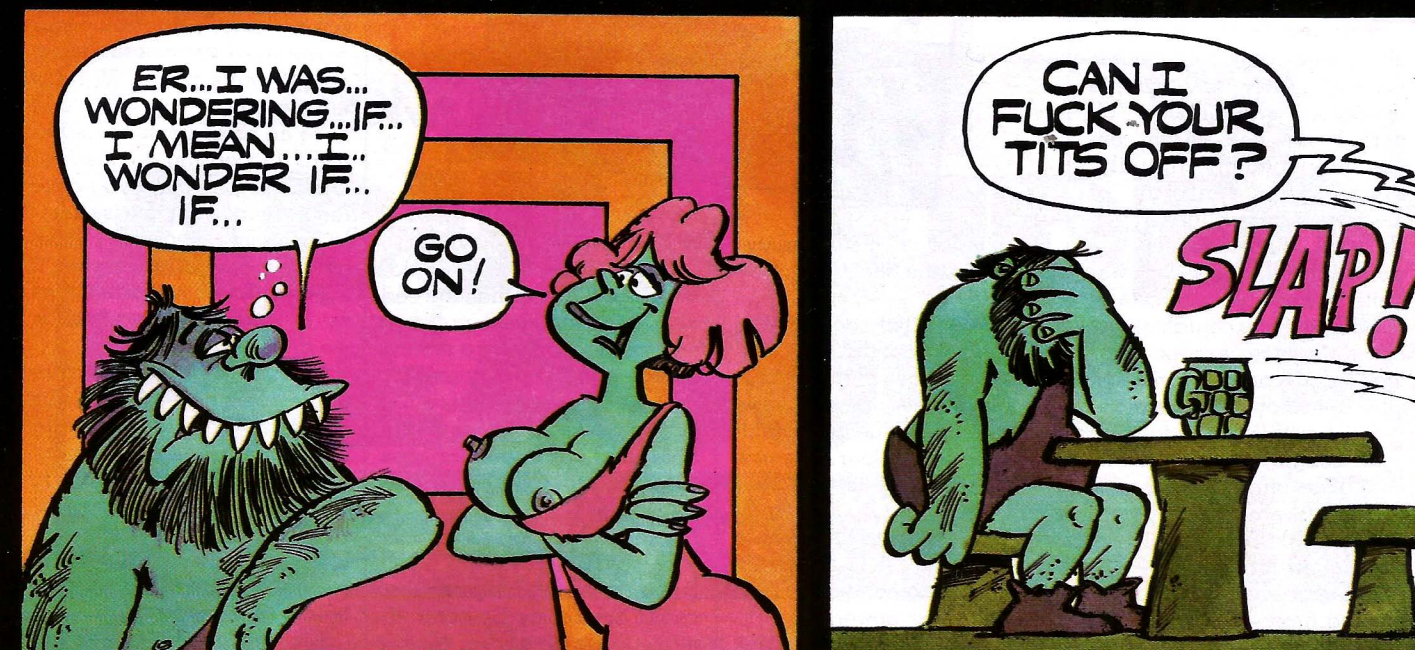
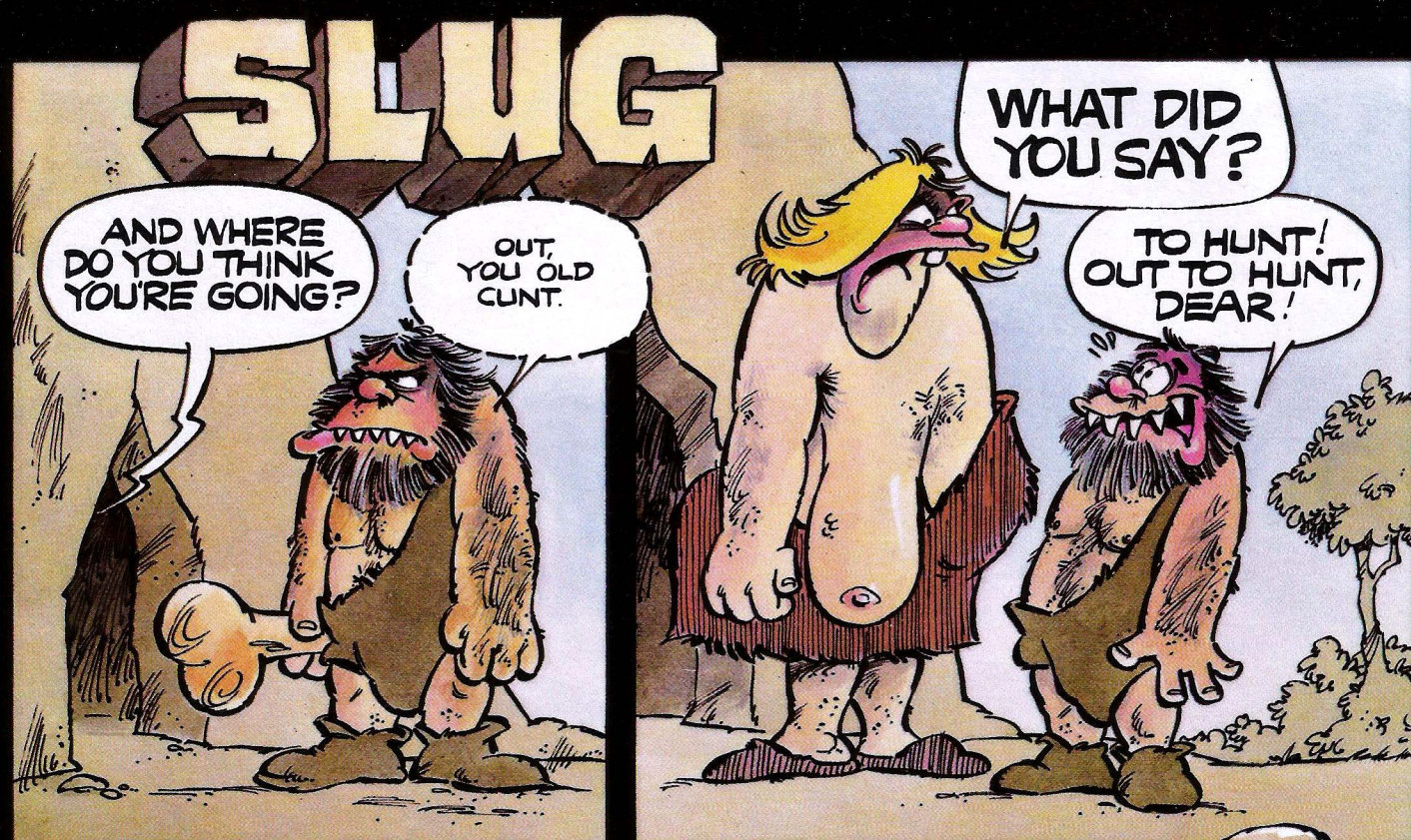














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cleanliness for my wife's benefit. After the simple operation and 'laying off period' my new sexual encounters began. Initially, apart from feelings of nakedness in public (eg club showers, public toilets) the excitement of a 'new' cock was quite a novelty, particularly in bed. My wife could not feel any difference, except that I took much longer to come and only did so once per session.

The benefits are as follows:

a) Longer staying power, (but once only, or at least a wait of several hours before another go). This kept up the stimulation for my wife, who really appreciated the longer fucking time.

b) Much cleaner/easier to clean after lovemaking, wanking or taking a piss. Never any after-piss leakage in the pants, often trapped in the foreskin.

c) No gummy blockage in the morning after a late night screwing session when you are too tired to wash immediately afterwards.

d) No complaints of smell, which otherwise occurs even after washing of the rolled back foreskin and glans.

However, I am not a mentally adjusted 'roundhead' as this may seem to imply. The benefits of a glans protected as nature intended by my former foreskin, as I now know, far outweigh the

benefits of a naked glans. Here are the facts, not opinions:

a) Desensitvity begins after only a few months. The texture and colour of my denuded glans has changed from shiny reddish blue to a wrinkled, pale skin colour. It is now much less sensitive.

b) The unique feeling of orgasm is now far less intense and thrilling. It is still quite possible to come, but the feeling is far less powerful.

c) The thrill of having my penis slowly undressed to expose my waiting glans has obviously gone — and with it the ability of women to wank me off quite casually, and with the minimum of effort.

d) The ability to fuck a pair of tits or feet, which I especially liked, is now impossible. The dry (or even lubricated) skin of these parts is far too rough. Before, the feet or tits could be held around my long foreskin, and I could move my cock back and forth inside the foreskin until I came. The process was never uncomfortable, and I miss it very much.

e) Oral sex still feels great, but now never results in an

orgasm for me.

f) My former wife could, with little effort, pinch the end of my foreskin and pull upward and let it go for a minute or two, and I would come. My current girlfriend needs a full hand grasped around my cock, and has to pull for ages before it pops off. Sometimes it just won't come at all.

These situations occur only if my girl is not in the mood for a full fuck. My desires could previously be controlled by a gentle stroke. Now it takes so much stimulation that we might as well have had a proper session. This may be OK if you are in the mood for a good hour of lovemaking, but if you are both tired after a hard day at work, passive stimulation used to be very pleasant.

I conclude by saying that making love in any way without an enveloping foreskin is like looking at a Renoir whilst colour-blind. May this be a warning to all people thinking of having the operation (except, of course, for medical reasons). Roundheads whose foreskins were cut off at birth have no idea what they are missing, and cannot possibly make qualified comment on the subject, because they have never enjoyed sex with a foreskin and sensitised glans, as I unfortunately have. I now know that a foreskin was put there for two purposes — protection and to maintain sensitivity. — T.M., London.

#### Hard To Take

I've read many times over the years of ways and means of enlarging the penis, plus of course all those men who claim to have (so they say) giant penises. But it might interest you to know that nowhere in this country, or as far as I know, in the Western world, is there a way of shortening or reducing the size of the penis.

I am writing this because I know what I am talking about. I am one of the three men (that I have heard of) who have been noted as medical freaks. Over the past few years I have

seen many doctors and surgeons, all to no avail. I am now 49 years of age, 5ft 10ins tall, weigh 11½ stone and have an erect penis measurement (according to medical charts) of 52½ cms by 21 cms. I'm not sure what this is exactly in inches because I have never bothered to measure it for myself. (*It's just over 20 ins by 8½ ins — circumference we presume. Ed.*)

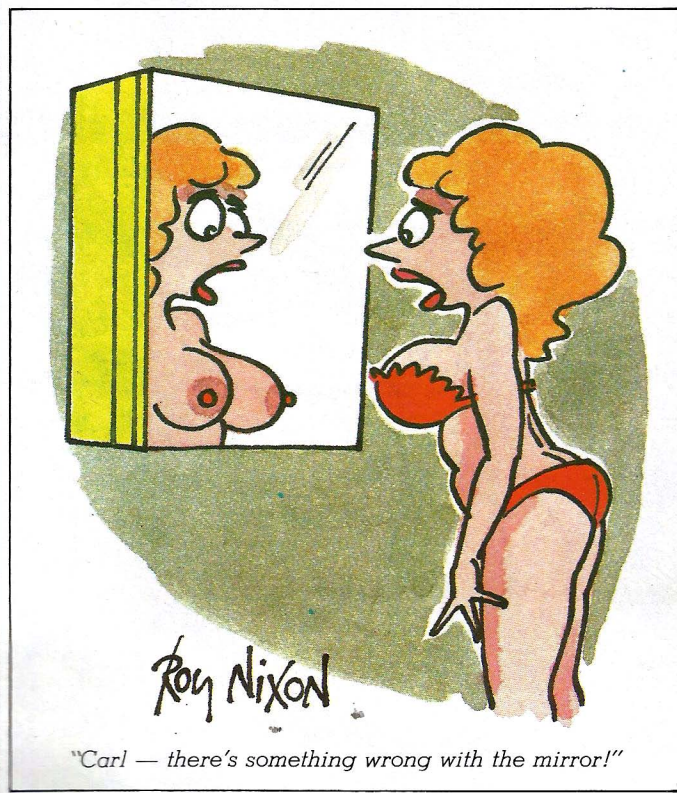
People find it very hard to appreciate the problems this brings. Specially made trousers at £80 a pair, for instance. Or special straps to hold it against my stomach. And I've only enjoyed full intercourse with two women in my adult life — the last time being 28 years ago.

I do have a bit of sex fun from time to time of course, and it is enjoyable, but I can never mount a woman and thrust away like other men do. I married seven years ago and whenever my wife and I have intercourse I have to lie on my back while she places two pillows around my panis, before mounting me and taking half of my length.

My sex life started quite late, soon after I left school in fact with two friends of my sister, who was a few years older than me. I think my sister must have told them about me because once when we all went to the cinema, I was sandwiched between her friends — who both put their hands inside my trousers and played with my penis. This started as a joke for them, but one of them, Janice, used to visit us quite often. One day she invited me back to her house, we stripped off and she got me erect and then mounted me. This went on for a few weeks and I learned quite a lot, but we fell out over something or other and stopped seeing each other.

Soon after this I joined the army and didn't leave till I was 42 and had travelled the world — working my way up to Warrant Officer II. In 1950 I met a Portuguese woman in Hong Kong while I was stationed there — and she could take every inch of me. She used to buy me silk shirts and nice suits, really pampering me. She used to pull up in her car outside the barracks, to drive me to her lovely house in Kowloon. She was around 31 years of age and very at-

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"Carl — there's something wrong with the mirror!"





# RIO

# AGO-GO



**“More like ‘Rio a Come-Come’ if you ask me,” muttered someone as we peered over the editorial shoulder. Indeed many of the pictures were rather too explicit to appear here, what with all the stray fingers and tongues rummaging around in rude places. These people clearly believe in having fun together! Ben Peliam provides the explanatory notes and we’ve picked out enough printable pictures to give you the flavour of Rio de Janeiro at Carnival time — surely a unique experience.**

**S**ummertime in Rio begins in December. That’s when the tourists begin their seasonal assault on the ‘Marvellous City’. They come to absorb sun, drink and atmosphere in a city by the sea that guarantees 40°C all summer. 104°F plus if you prefer. They come for the nightlife, to laze on the beaches — but most of all for the Carnival. Four days in February when pandemonium reins.

The girls of Rio are rightly proud of their fiery latin beauty, and, at carnival time, they take their tiny bikinis off the beaches, on to the streets — and, during the all night parties, frequently take them off again. And it’s scenes like this that drag in the tourists from all over the world.

Where Mardi Gras has the New Orleans street jazz band, Rio has its samba school. Over 50 of them pumping out the samba up and down the





Avenida Presedente Vargas, while thousands gather to cheer their favourite school. And the girls...

Brazilian girls invented the Tanga — a kind of undernourished bikini — and it's standard dress during carnival. But considering the minute amount of skin they have to cover, the variety and imagination displayed is astonishing. Carnival becomes a non stop fancy dress party.

The men, too, strip down to some pretty small combinations, but this somehow doesn't make the headlines — or the pictures. And don't let these pictures fool you. Naturally the photographers go for the prettier girls, they sell more pictures. But everyone gets involved. Young and old, short and sweet — everyone gets in on the act.

As the parties grow from noon to dusk and







start their late charge into the early hours, inhibitions get ground underfoot. Clothing starts to get in the way of successfully making friends and influencing people, reckless insobriety abounds, boobs are bared and drawers dropped with charming abandon — and if you can't get laid in Rio you must have left it back at the hotel in your other suit.

As the Brazilians say themselves; "Ninguém e de ninguém." Which translates as "No one belongs to no one." Hate the grammar, love the sentiment. Emotional ties suffer the same fate as the tangas — not wanted on voyage. In Brazil they don't have divorce, they have legal separations called 'desquites'. Statistics show that these peak in the months following Carnival.

No prizes for guessing when the birth rate booms.



# Tracy Baxter



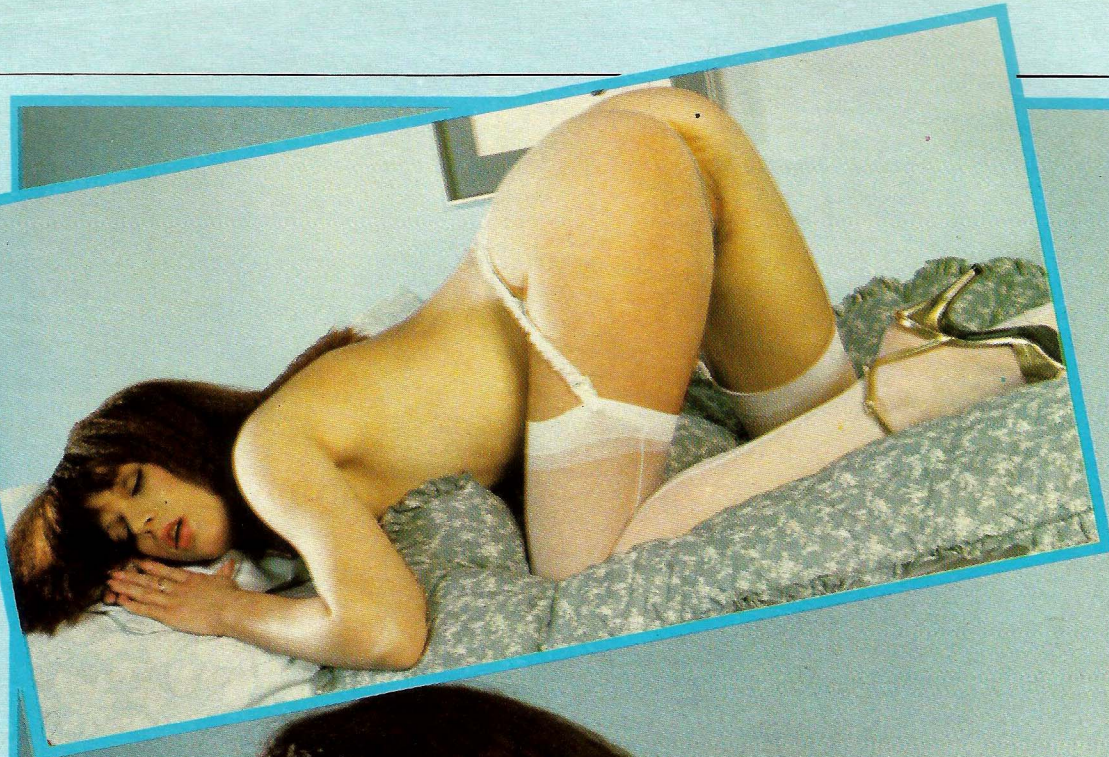
## AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH

When she was on holiday Tracy, who comes from Kent, entered a beauty contest as a joke — and won! Not hard to see why. She is an undeniably beautiful girl, with poise and charm to spare and a slim but graceful figure. Whether or not she could have made it as a fully fledged beauty queen we'll never know — but she's a smash hit as a first time model. True to form she was rather shy to begin with, but we have a little poise and charm of our own so everything went smoothly. Now, not surprisingly, she's thinking of taking up modelling full-time. When you see her next — remember where you saw her first.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID PAUL

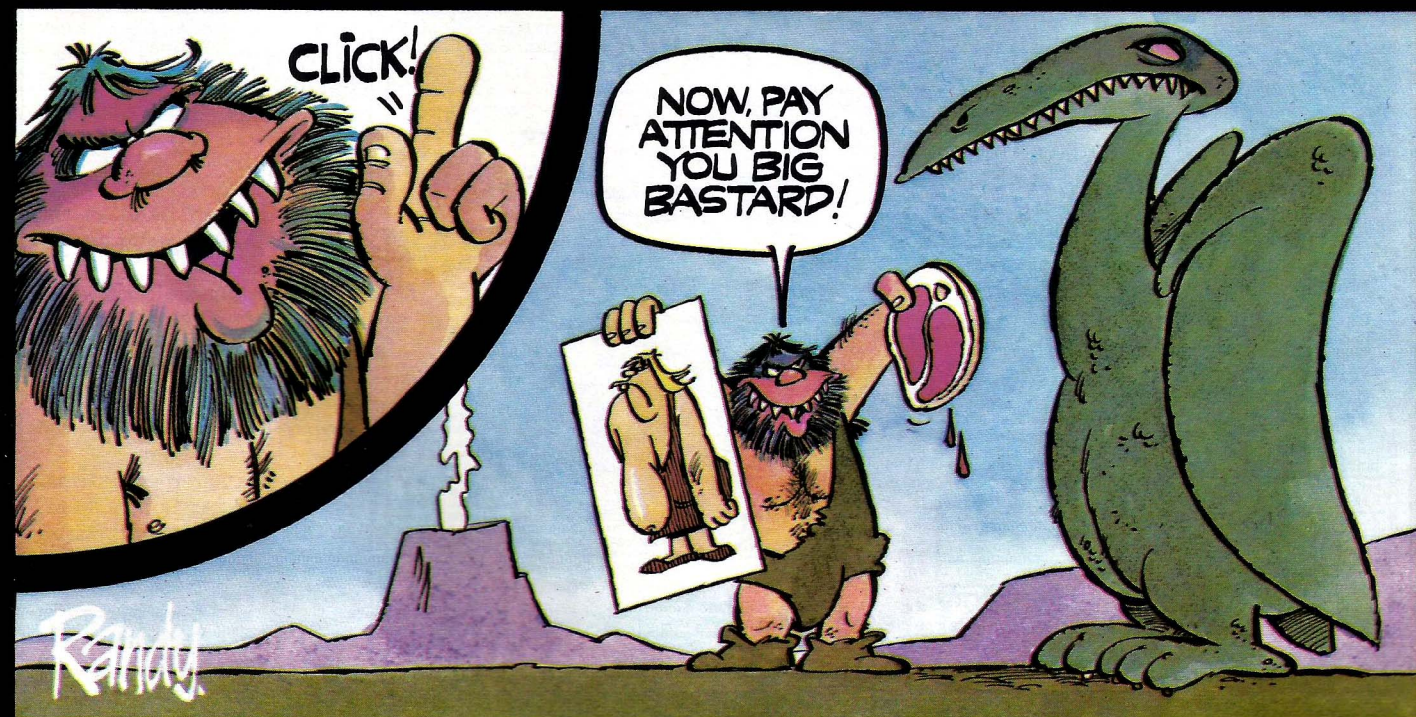
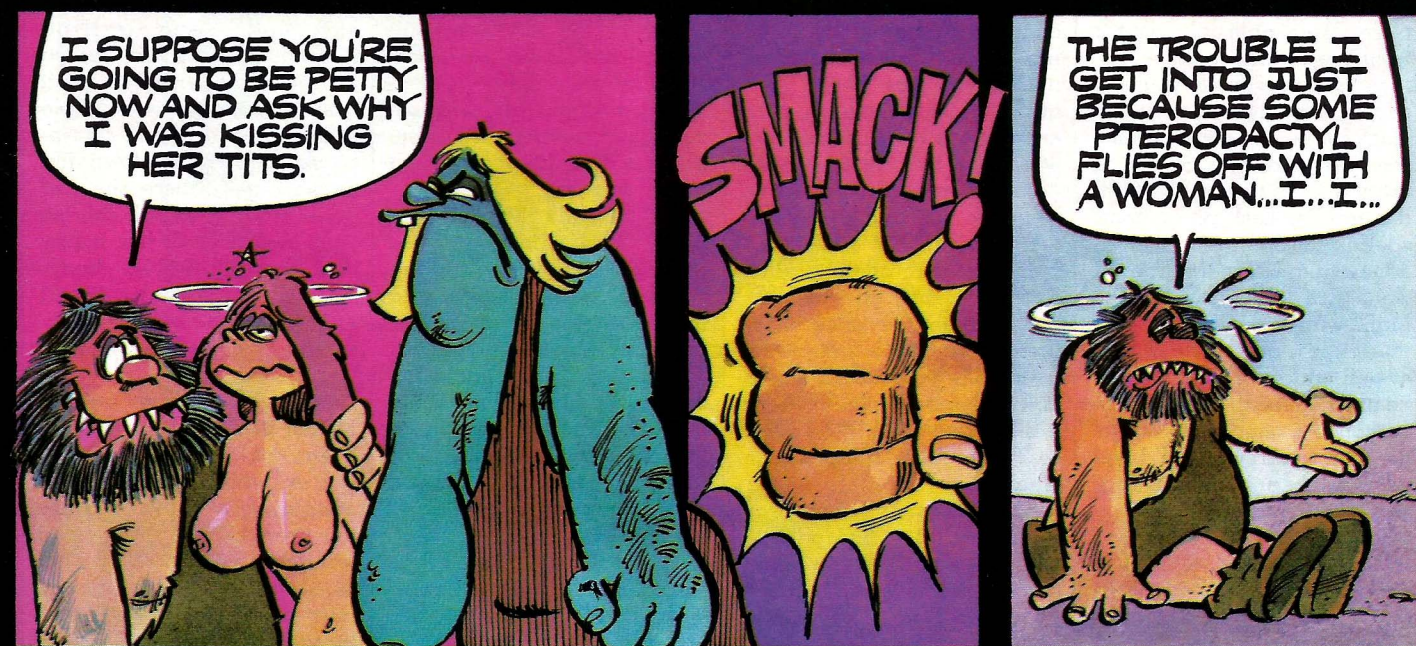
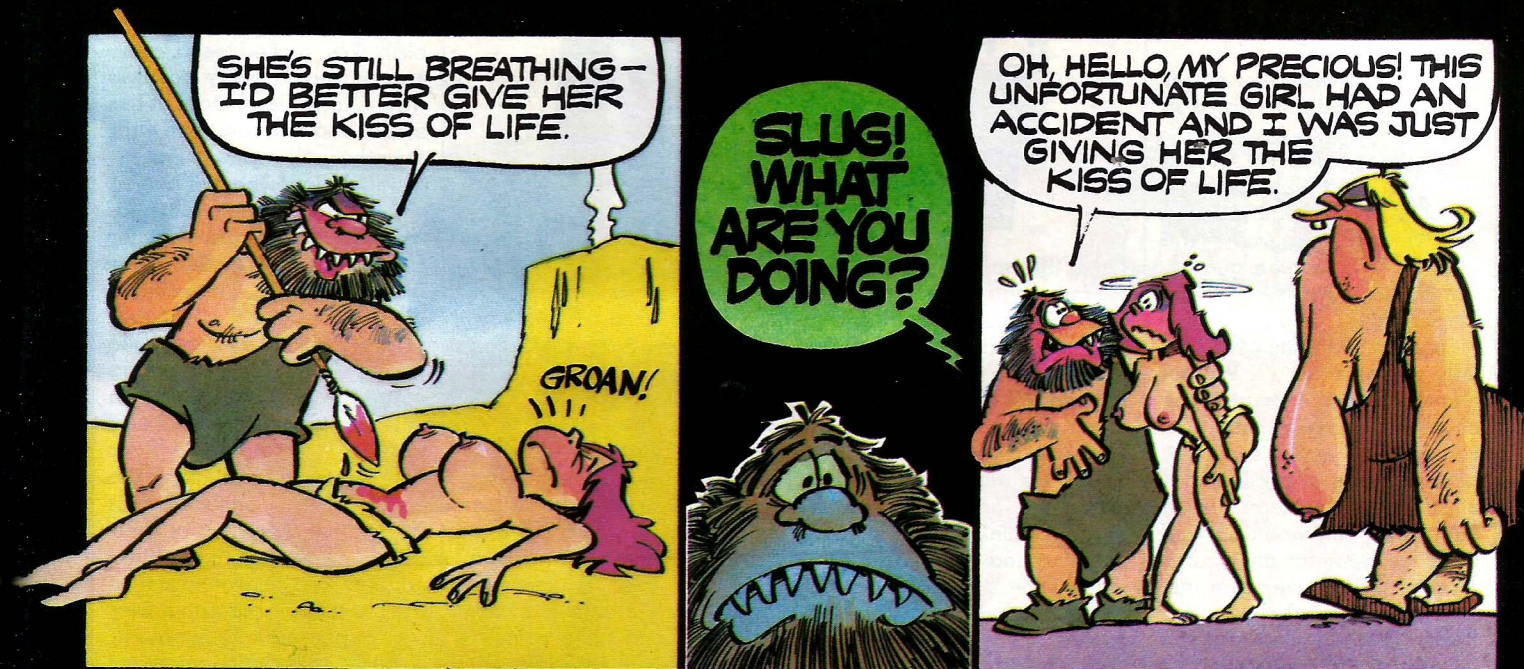
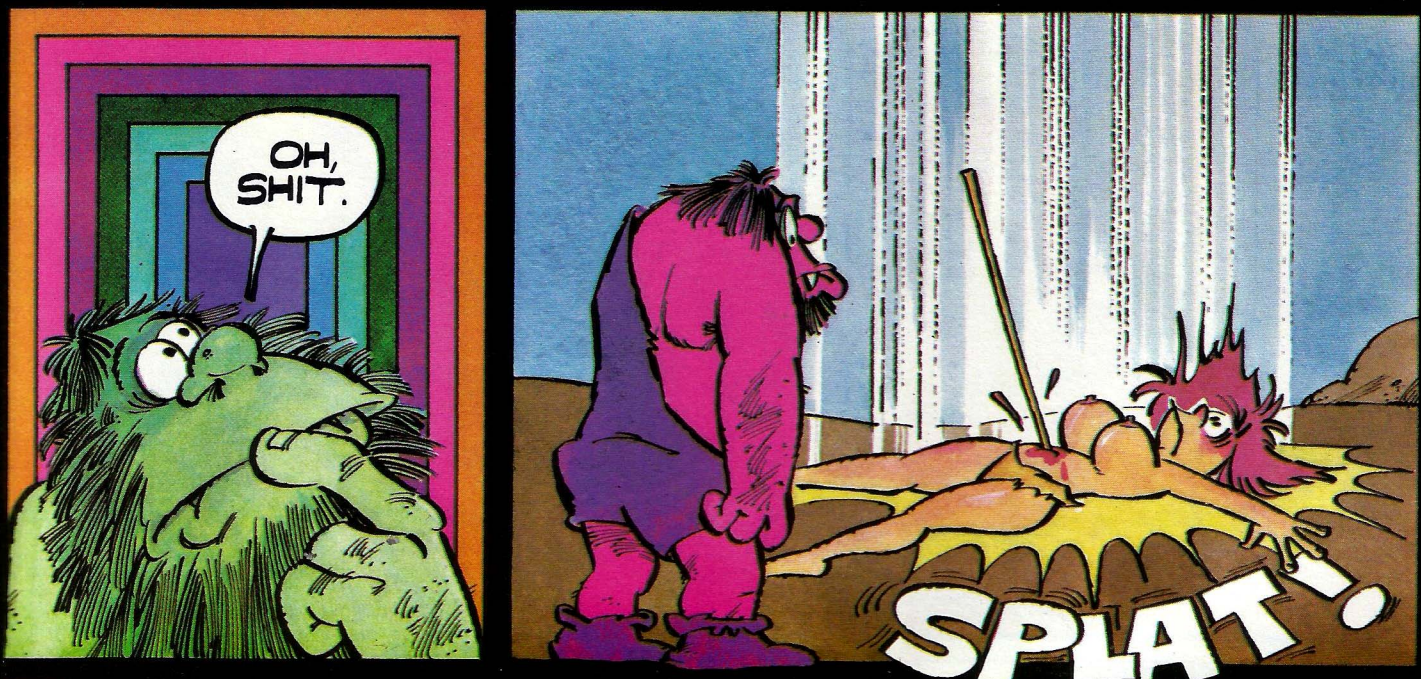
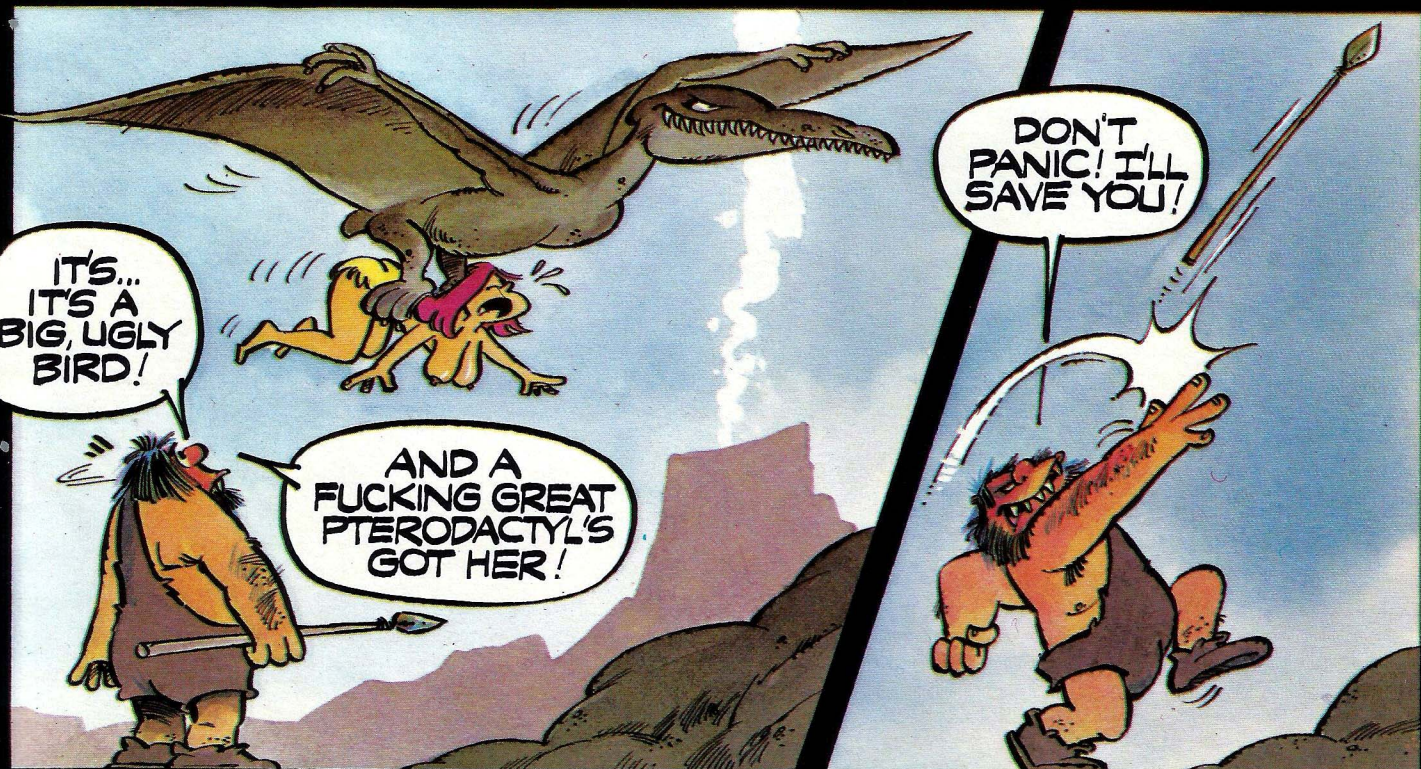
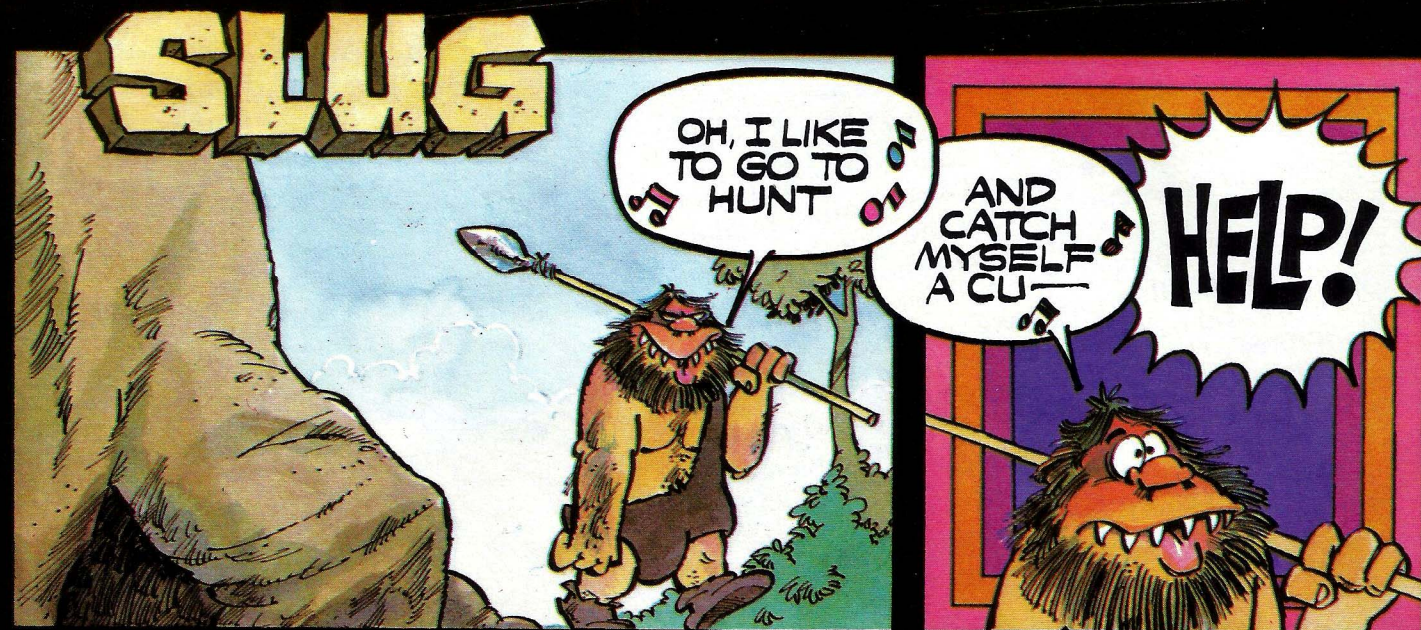














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tractive. This lasted for a year until I was posted to Korea in '51.

I spent a year as a POW and life wasn't too pleasant for a while. I was the butt of many unpleasant jokes by the Chinese and Korean guards. But in May '52, I returned to England.

In early '53 I met a young lady who was just 17. We got engaged and I found she could easily take all that I had to give her, and I spent the happiest time of my life. But alas, I was posted abroad again and she wouldn't wait for three years for my return.

Since then I have never met a woman who could take it all. Some have had half and a few have managed two-thirds, but that's all. From that time I've never been able to mount a woman and give it all.

In the forces in my younger days, I was often the victim of many jokes, and my nickname was 'Mr. Excused Shorts'. I spent a lot of time in the Middle and Far East, plus a short spell in Europe which included a visit to Denmark. There I went to a live sex show one night with some friends and there was a girl on stage with a well-endowed stud. When he finished the girl offered the audience a chance for one of the men to screw her. I'd had a few drinks and my mates egged me on and finally pushed me onto the platform. When the girl undid my trousers and saw what was in there, she let out a scream and, the next thing I knew, we were being bundled out into the street.

Once however, I went to the

Lasse Braun studios and he made a semi-blue film of me with three girls playing around with it, but they would only give me oral and refused to have full intercourse.

In recent years I have answered ads in magazines asking for well-endowed men and have had a few good times. Usually the woman plays around with it and then mounts me and the husband has to support her so that she doesn't slip and hurt herself. One really good evening I remember last year involved a couple who started by showing films. Their next door neighbour was there too, quite an attractive woman, and I ended up in bed between the two girls — with both of them doing oral on me while the husband watched.

I have now met a new couple, again through contact advertisements, and the wife comes to see me once every two weeks for a couple of hours. She can take two-thirds of it and is determined to take it all before long. I do hope so. Her husband films us each time.

So if anyone knows of a way to shorten a penis, I would be very interested to read about it. Because it is very disappointing to find so few women who can take it all. — P.L., London.

*We're not quite sure what to*

*make of this one, it certainly sounds true enough, but 20" is hard to credit. We'll keep an open mind for now — any comments? Ed.*

#### Teacher's Pet

I read in your latest issue a letter from a young man telling about his experiences with an older woman, which threw my mind back to one of my own.

Having been overseas for three years, I returned home and almost at once re-met a lady, in our local club, who had for many years been a friend of my mother's; and whom I had known as a most superior and highly respectable schoolmistress, her husband had been my teacher. She was now almost sixty, and a grandmother.

She told me that her husband had died a year previously, and that her two children had married and moved to other areas. While out shopping a few days later I bumped into her again by chance, and invited me home for tea. Knowing her as I thought I did, my mind was solely on a cup of tea and a cake. However, events proved otherwise.

To put it briefly, she was a sex bomb, and during the rest of my holiday we engaged in just about every sexual position, almost every day. (I was then a very active 25 year

old). We sucked each other and fucked in every possible way. Quite often I did it in her mouth and her cunt, one after the other, all evening long.

She told me she had been a virgin bride, completely innocent about sex, and that her husband had steadily, over several months, introduced her to and initiated her in oral sex and other practices. She particularly enjoyed having cunnilingus performed on her. Despite their correct and rigid appearance to neighbours and friends, she and her late husband had been (in the privacy of their bedroom) a very uninhibited couple, and she often sat at the breakfast table with a very sore cunt after a hectic night.

After thirty-odd years of regular and satisfying sex, she had been getting desperate, and I had arrived at the right time! I went overseas again after a couple of months, but when I returned she had left the town and no-one knew where she had gone. However, I still cherish fond memories of her happy face, well-preserved body, smooth plump thighs, broad rounded buttocks and ever-willing cunt. — R.G., Devon.

#### Door-to-Door Screw

I suffer from the common problem of young married women whose husbands are often away working, and are too tired for the old woman when they are at home — I get so, so frustrated. So, I do my best to get what I want, and bugger my old man.

I am going to tell you of one such experience. I was busy at home one lovely summer morning, doing my usual chores with next to nothing on, just a flimsy cotton dress. I heard a knock at the front door and as I opened it a draught caught hold of my dress, lifting it up and revealing rather a lot!

The man at the door was a handsome young salesman. I was feeling sexy and imagination was getting the better of me; I asked him to come in, saying that I wanted to see what he had to offer.

I offered him a cold drink, because it was hot in there, even without our rising temperatures. My dress was a front button-up affair, and while I was getting our drinks I undid some of the buttons to

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"Looks like old Arthur's losing his nerve."



They come from all over the American mid-West. Clean cut college boys and girls out for a good time in Florida's Fort Lauderdale. Everyone's anonymous, everyone's willing and nobody's keeping score. With 'Best Buns on the Beach' and 'Wet Teeshirt' competitions for cash, it's not surprising that some of the girls go wild and become . . .

# Student Strippers.

It all happens on Highway A1A, south of Sunrise Boulevard. The road runs along the white sand beach. They call it 'The Strip' — and not without reason!

Within the past five or six years, the British have taken to winters in Florida as if they're sorry they lost it all 200 years ago. But the British stay in Miami — with the Haitians and the Cubans and little old grandmothers who have blue hair — or they go to Palm Beach which is America's answer to Cannes and Monte Carlo, all rolled into one. Miami is a town with two murders a day (those are the ones that get reported) and the main recreation is simply staying alive. Palm Beach is much too expensive a hang-out for murderers. There you spend your winter holidays wishing for Bond Street prices.

What the British haven't yet discovered is the town about halfway between — it's called Fort Lauderdale. Prices are less there than in Palm Beach, and murders are fewer there than in Miami. But Fort Lauderdale could cure insomnia except for a few weeks a year around Easter. And

city is smack in the middle of the 'snow belt' so for the two of them, sunshine was something they hadn't seen since September. When they started talking about what to do for the two weeks before Easter, they realized they had nothing really important to do, nothing at least that couldn't wait a while. East of the Rockies everybody in the States knows about Easter Break at Lauderdale, so it seemed a good place to go. Both of them had boyfriends at school but both of them decided they deserved a little break — the kind of 'R & R' that you can only get when you go to a place where nobody knows your name, where you can use any name you want to, where anonymity means you can get away with almost anything. So they headed south, just the two of them, bound together by the promise that no matter what happened, neither of them would ever mention it to the other's boyfriend.

They had a couple of hundred dollars saved up for the trip, but that didn't last very long. It's a long drive from Syracuse — a couple of days worth — and by the



this at home," she confessed. "But here it seemed all right. Here there don't seem to be any rules."

There aren't. And the next day Nina convinced Wendy that it was her turn. Wendy finally gave in. She stepped into a G-string and found herself in the middle of a 'Best Buns On The Beach' contest. Wendy and fourteen other girls . . .

Tall, thin, short, fat, pretty (not so pretty), long hair, short hair, blonde, brunette, redhead — it was all right there.

"A lot of guys have told me I've got a great ass," said Wendy, who like Nina is just 20, but unlike Nina is short with a big chest and black hair. "Nina told me it looked terrific when I was on stage. Imagine that, I was up there with all those other girls and even though we had our fronts covered, our asses were completely bare. I mean, you could almost see everything. At first I was embarrassed as hell. Then . . . well, then I kinda started getting into it. All those guys looking at me like that. And they whistled and applauded. I know what they were all thinking. And I was thinking I kinda liked it. Of course if my parents ever found out they'd be shocked. Very shocked. But they won't find out, and I

wasn't as shocking as some of the girls. I even won \$50."

She kept her top on. Some of the girls don't. She accepted the prize and did a little dance and in spite of those suggestions from the audience that she go all the way, Wendy kept her G-string on. Some girls don't. After all, this is Lauderdale at Easter and when you're far away from home like that and no-one knows your name — anonymity is its own reward.

Karen said she didn't need the money, and never expected to win anything. As it happens she walked away with \$100. But then, she earned it.

"What a vacation this one was," she went on. "I never ever thought I could get into anything like this. It was so wierd. Like a dream. I just got caught up in all of the madness. It's very contagious."

She's only 19, a sophomore at a school in Ohio where she studies English Lit. In fact, with her tortoise-shell glasses on, and her sandy hair pulled back, you might expect to find her fetching books off the shelves of your local library. But this time the glasses came off and the hair got let down.

"It was a wet tee-shirt contest," she explained. "It sounded stupid at first but I met a bunch of guys who thought I should enter. That was about noon. I told them they were crazy. They dropped the subject and we sat around the beach, then had a few beers, then had a few more beers. By the time the contest rolled around, I was all for it."

She said she knows she's got a good figure, but the idea of showing it off in front of a room filled with guys never appealed to her before.

"At least not before I got up onto the stage. And then it wasn't so much the guys who were cheering for me, it was also the other girls."

When she signed up for the contest, she was giggling and the fellows she was with



The 'Wet Teeshirt' competitions at the Playpen sometimes go all the way.

**"Wendy finally gave in. She stepped into a G-string and found herself in the middle of a 'Best Buns on the Beach' contest . . ."**

when those weeks happen, the place is very much 'in season'. It's known as 'Spring Break' — when the northern high schools and universities let out for the Easter holidays, and everyone heads for Highway A1A, south of Sunrise. That's when Fort Lauderdale starts to look like a combination of Blackpool on Wake Week and Pamplona during the running of the bulls.

It's a town filled with girls from schools where it's been snowing all winter. Girls who have come with only two things in mind: to find some sunshine, and to meet some guys. And it's also a city filled with guys from schools where it's been snowing all winter who have come with only two things in mind: to find some sunshine and to meet some girls. Because the latter is as easy as discovering the former, not only does everyone get a tan, but even Godzilla could score!

Wendy and Nina drove down from Syracuse in central New York State. That

time they got to Florida they weren't sure they'd have enough loot between them to make the drive back and still be able to eat. Then they got to Lauderdale. Neither of them had thought about making reservations at a hotel somewhere — and there wasn't a cheap room left anywhere in town.

They spent their first day on the beach bemoaning their fate.

Then came 4 o'clock. Nina, a long-legged blonde who almost always dressed in yellow, spotted a sign in front of a bar. Wendy read it, and immediately said no. But Nina reminded her of their empty pockets. Wendy still said no, but Nina said she was game. Why not, she argued. Who knows us here? So off she went to sign up. She wore her own yellow tee-shirt. She was not permitted to wear her yellow bikini top. Someone tossed water all over the front of her and after four minutes of moving to music in front of 700 people, her prize was \$25.

"I would never have done anything like



helped her get up enough courage to go into a small changing room and get out of her bikini. She was given a tee-shirt and she slipped it on. It was long enough that it came down to her knees, so when she came out of the changing room and lined up with the other girls, she didn't worry at all that she had not only left her bikini top in the changing room, she had also left the bottom there as well.

The eight girls in the contest that afternoon drew straws to see who would go first. Karen was number six. While she waited her turn, she watched the other girls and there was time enough for two more beers. By this time she was slightly anxious about the whole thing.

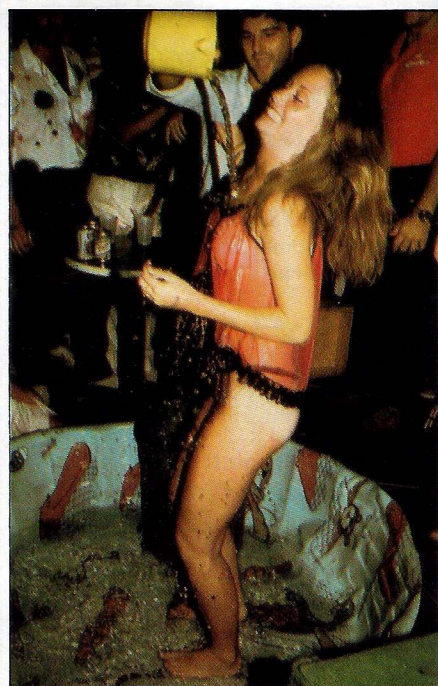
"I watched as the other girls danced," she said, "and how they got all that water thrown across their tee-shirts and how you

could see most of them under the wet tee-shirt. Then it came to be my turn and the fellow who was the announcer called me up on stage like it was the Johnny Carson Show and everyone applauded. The music was loud and it was the right beat and once I started moving, once they threw that water on my tee-shirt, all the people in the audience started screaming for me and I just got into it all."

They screamed, she said, because they must have realised that she wasn't wearing *anything* underneath.

"I guess I didn't know that you could keep your bikini bottom on if you wanted to. Anyway, the tee-shirt covered me there. Except it was wet so you could kind of see through it."

The more she danced, the more the crowd seemed to like it. And, she said, the



more the crowd liked it, the more she liked it. Then her record ended and she walked off the stage. The next two girls danced their way through the contest and finally it was up to the audience to choose the winners. Karen won by popular demand. And because she was the winner, she was the one to do the encore.

"I went up on the stage to dance again and this time they threw a lot of water on me. My tee-shirt was really clinging to every inch of me. I guess I knew everybody could see everything, but I didn't care. It was so exciting standing up there in front of all those people like that. I just danced and danced and danced."

When that record ended, another came on and more water was tossed at her, and by this time, she said, she was getting very turned on. Very very turned on.

"The crowd was screaming at me. I was doing slow bumps and grinds and when I



At the Candy Store they have 'Wet Teeshirt' and 'Wet Nightgown' competitions.

put my hands up to my tits to feel them under the wet tee-shirt, everyone went wild. They yelled and applauded and I loved it. That's when I had the urge to rip my tee-shirt off and dance in front of them completely naked."

She didn't think about it for very long. "I reached down and started to pull the tee-shirt up to my waist. I got it all the way up to my belly-button. And there I was. Everything was showing. I thought the noise was just too much. Everybody was screaming and yelling. They wanted me to take it all off. And before I knew what I was doing, I did. I yanked it over my head and pulled it off and danced for a few

Of course what you tell the management and what shows up to sleep in your room is another matter. Figure four to eight per room. Although fifteen is not unheard of.

"We started out with four," said a guy named Chuck from St. Louis. "Me and my girl friend, and my buddy Steve and his girl friend. By the second night we had three girls in there with us, and one of them brought two guys back with her. One of those guys had a bottle of Scotch and although none of us got very drunk, one of the guys made it with one of the girls while we all sat around and watched."

If you still haven't found a place by the

**"They yelled and applauded and I loved it. That's when I had the urge to rip my tee-shirt off and dance in front of them completely naked."**

seconds, totally naked, stark naked, I was nude in front of them. Then I just ran off the stage. God, what an experience."

Most people try to get reservations before coming to Lauderdale, but rooms fill up early on. Finding a place to sleep, however, is not all that difficult. What you do is walk up and down 'The Strip' and ask a lot of questions, and eventually someone will know where there's a room — or at least some floor space. Even an empty bathtub that is big enough for two who don't mind sharing a pillow. Otherwise, hotels cost anywhere from \$15 to \$40 a night. And (at least when you check in!) you have to tell the management that it's only the two of you.

time the bars close at 2 am, not to worry. The partying goes on all night. Finding a party is no tougher than simply sloping down to the local Howard Johnson's and walking down any hallway of any floor. The doors to the parties are always open. Everyone is welcome. Bringing your own something-to-gargle-with makes you even more welcome.

The beach itself crowds up early in the morning. Hangover Cove. It seems the sooner you get to the beach, the easier it is to find a parking place. Not that there is all that much to do once you get there. Take a little sun. Burn your bum. Nap. Get tar all over your feet when you go in for a swim. Get into a frisbee game. It's Beach Blanket Bingo, '80s style. There



was a 50s film called *Where The Boys Are*, about college girls in Florida — only now it's where the girls are too — and the girls are on the Pill.

"You've got to live by the dart board theory of life," explained Vinnie, a senior from Penn State University. "What you do is walk up to the first ten girls you see on the beach and ask each one of them if they want to make it. Miss the bulls eye, throw another dart. Eventually you have to hit. Law of averages."

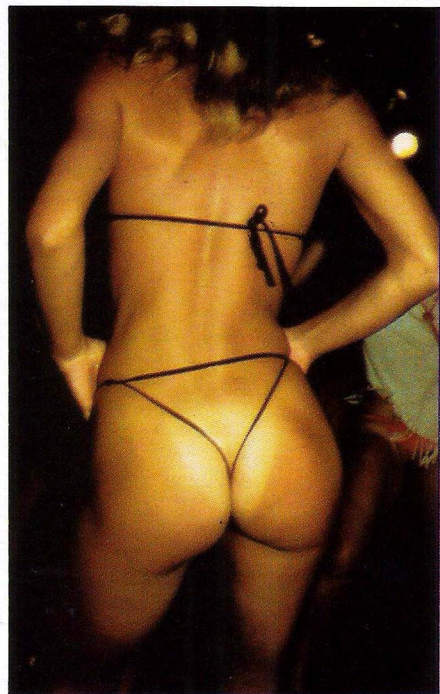
Yet according to three guys from



Chicago, the beach is not the best place to pick up girls.

"We've been coming down for the past three years," said Stu, who claimed to be a student of such things. "That makes us veterans of the 'spring scramble.' Believe me, the beach is only for lying around to recover. Picking them up on the beach is like trying to pick up ski bunnies on the slopes. Nope. Best bet is to leave them alone there. Stalk them if you want to. Get a bead on them. Wave and smile. But don't make any moves until 4 o'clock."

That's when the night life starts early.



This is the time to start finding a friend. And strolling along A1A is where you find it all. Not only are the guys hanging out along 'The Strip', but the girls are there too because the guys are there because the girls are there. Etcetera. You can either walk straight up to the girls and say "Hi", or just stand on a corner and wait for a bunch of girls to cruise on by. If they like what they see, they'll stop. They're playing the dart board game too.

'The Strip' is also the place to meet the local 'hawkers'. These are street vendors, South Florida style. They're the local Lauderdale versions of all those guys in Mexico who are supposed to elbow up to you offering "peecheures of my

**"I yanked it over my head and pulled it off and danced for a few seconds, totally naked, stark naked, I was nude in front of them."**

seeester." Except these guys move up and down 'The Strip' with a whispered chant. At first you might think they're rehearsing for some sporting event, mumbling a quiet, "Programs . . . hot-dogs . . . souvenir albums . . ." Then you listen better and you hear what they're really saying. "Coke . . . weed . . . pills . . . coke . . . weed . . . pills . . ." The cops bust them as often as they can but this is Fort Lauderdale at Easter Break and they're back on the street in fifteen minutes. The cops also bust the very very very drunk kids and the extra extra extra rowdy crowd. As for the usual drunk and the normally rowdy,

well . . . they blend in with the crowds.

Clothes are required on the street, but bikinis and roller skates are considered clothes. And because the parade goes on from 4 until the next morning, it doesn't take much to start a conversation.

Lines overheard along 'The Strip':

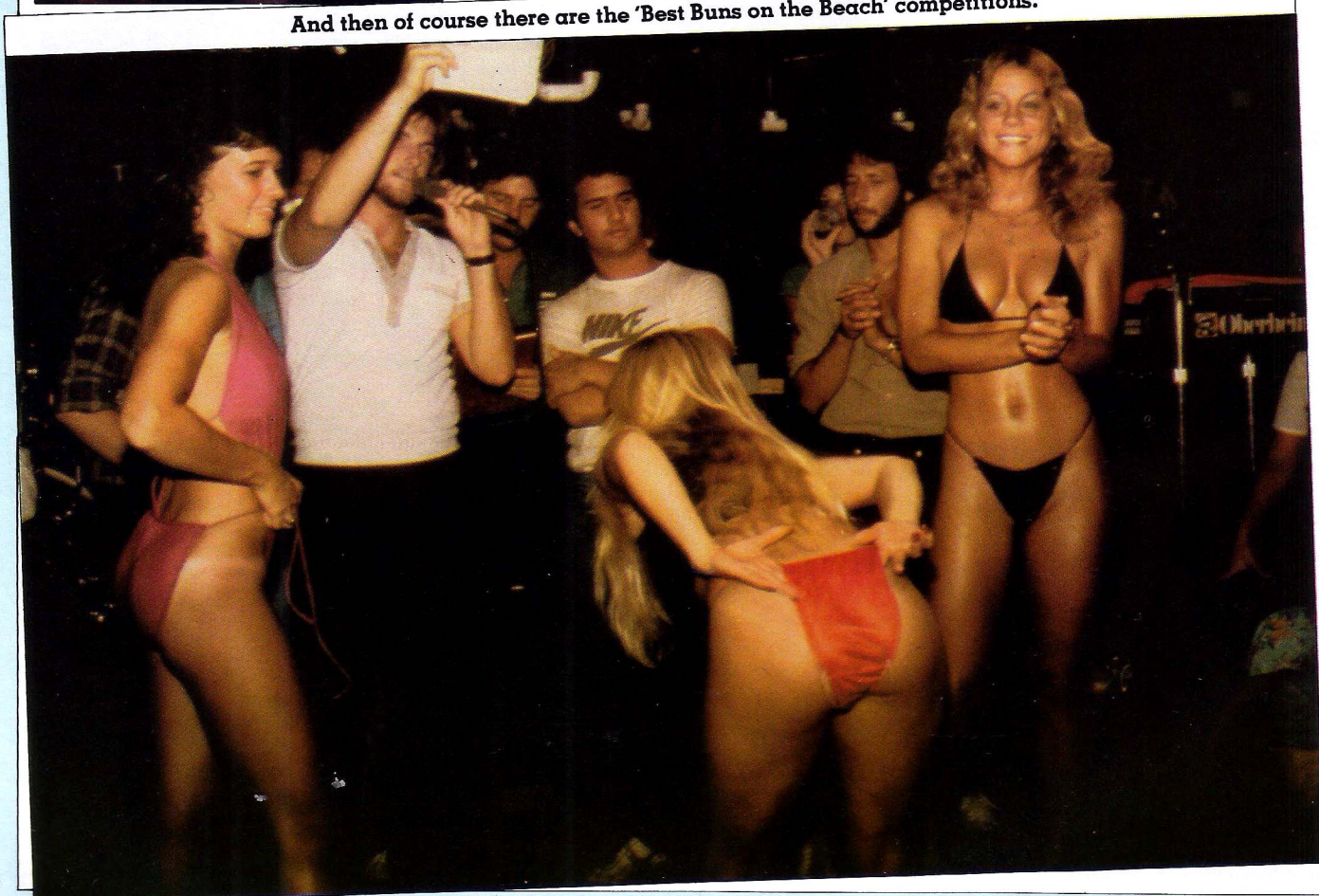
"Hi, can I borrow your skate key?" (The fellow didn't have skates, but the girl loaned him the key anyway.)

"Tell me your fantasies and I'll see if I can find them for you." (The girl laughed at the guy, but she didn't walk away.)

"I see we have something in common." (She asked what.) "We don't know each other." (Yet.)

Anyone who doesn't fall in love along 'The Strip' heads for some of the better spots. *The Candy Store* is a big bar with a live band downstairs and a swimming pool outfront. The 'Teeny-Weeny Bikini' Contest is held there every afternoon. But because the pool is right on the street, and because members of the blue-haired geriatric set occasionally walk on by, there isn't anything more to see than bikinis. On the other hand, those bikinis are usually the most expensive ones in any shop and you sit there wondering how so little can cost so much. After the contest, you can lie around the pool, smooch near the diving board, or play

And then of course there are the 'Best Buns on the Beach' competitions.



Strip Backgammon, as long as no-one cheats.

Further along is *Summers*. Here the pool is out the back, and here the afternoons get a little wild. Cash prizes go to girls who are the wildest. One of them was Brenda, a 20 year old brunette who happens to have been enrolled in one of America's military academies.

"Don't say which one because I'd hate for anyone to find out. I mean after all, I don't think my superior officers would be too pleased if they ever heard that I danced in the 'Best Buns On The Beach' contest and showed everyone my ass."

Lieutenant, you're out of uniform. The Army-Navy Game will never be the same!

Then there's *The Button*, where inter-collegiate sports take on new meaning. University of Michigan girls versus University of North Carolina girls to see which team can add up to the biggest breast-wise. Go team go! That's followed by Pitt girls versus Kansas State girls doing very raunchy oral justice to a peeled banana.

Not that everything in Lauderdale at Easter is a team sport. There are a few of the more classic individual disciplines left. But there are a few rules and regulations that need to be known before anyone starts to play.

Firstly, the girls tend to run in packs. There's safety in numbers. On the other hand, that's helpful because the pretty ones look even prettier when they're standing next to the ugly ones, and vice versa.

Secondly, the guys tend to run in packs. There's also courage in numbers.

Thirdly, walking away from the other guys and splitting one of the girls out of the herd is about as difficult as breathing.

Fourthly, there is a catch. Once you've found a friend, you have to find a place. The beach is officially closed at night, and sleeping there or screwing there is absolutely, strictly, formally and seriously forbidden — especially if you get caught. There are no park benches, and most guys never think to drive down in a VW camper. She's probably in a room with 15 girls and you could be in a room with 15 guys, and neither of you stand much chance on getting anywhere with, "Would you all please be kind enough to leave us alone for about 45 minutes."

You could, of course, decide that you don't care what your fifteen friends see, or what her fifteen friends see, or even better, you might suggest that her fifteen friends also become your fifteen friends. If the dartboard theory is correct, who knows, some of them might even accept.

Hotel broom closets are usually locked, and the ones that aren't tend to be uncomfortable — not to mention crowded. You sometimes have to wait in line to get to the hotel's roof. The lobby is definitely off limits. And most phone booths light up when you shut the door. However, the cleverest survive. The rest go home with a lot of stories about the lays that got away.

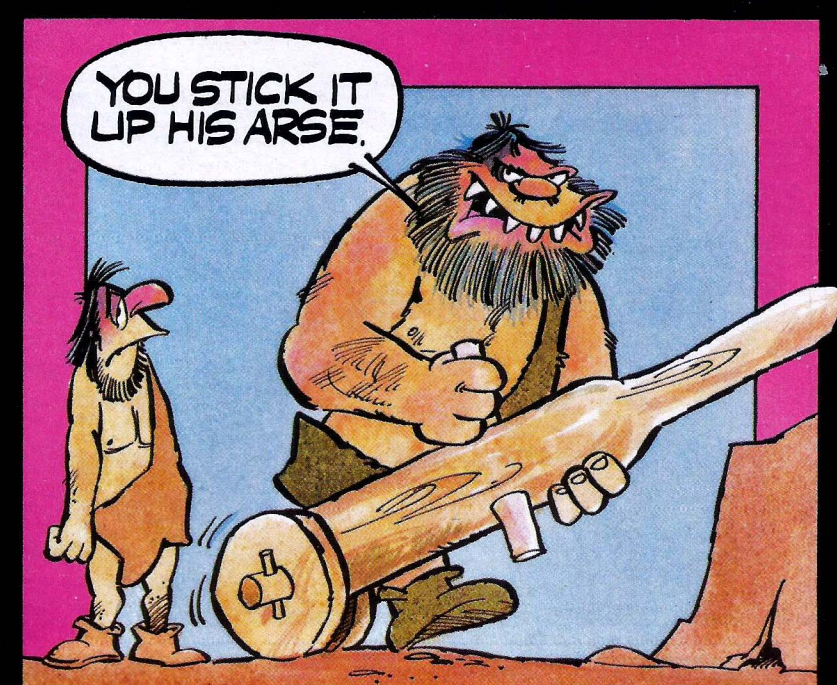
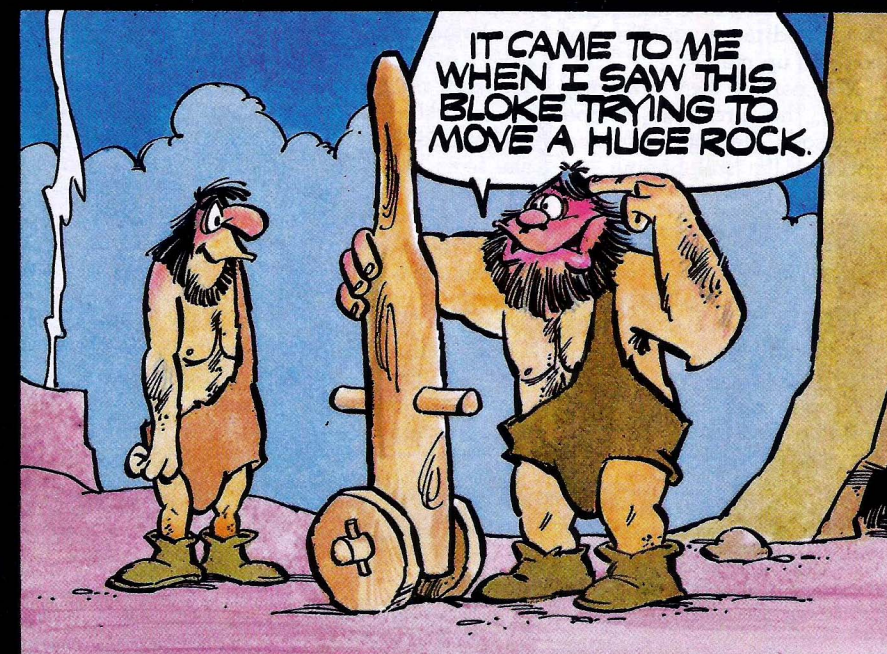
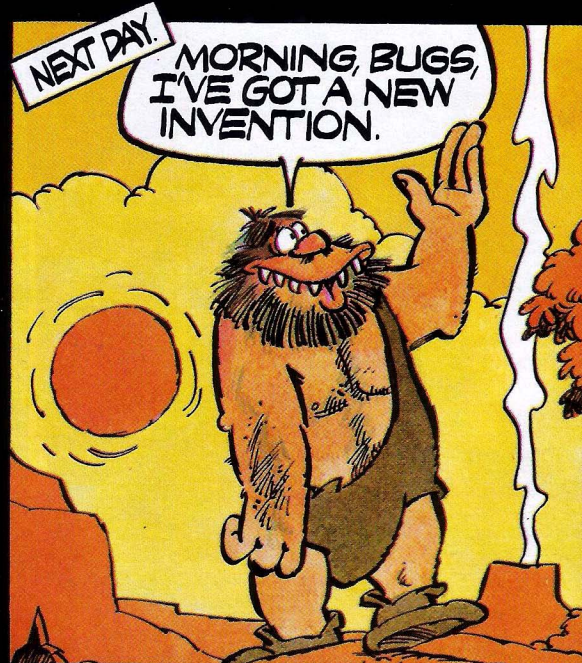
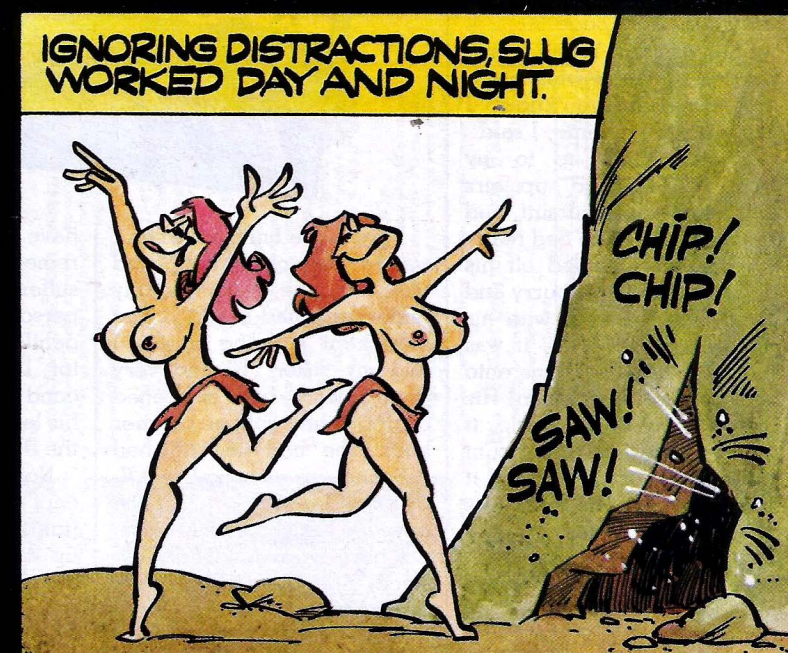






HISTORICAL NOTE: NOT ALL INVENTION HAD THE SOCIAL IMPORTANCE OF FIRE AND LANGUAGE.

Randy





Continued from page 30.

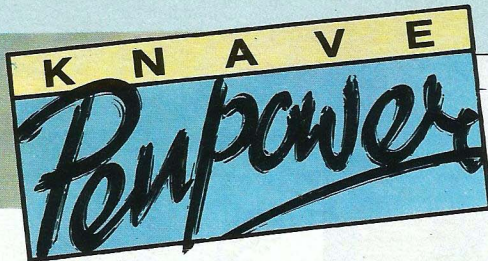
get him excited. When I gave him his glass he whispered, "You are lovely, you know." I didn't waste any time, I said:

"Shall we go up to my room?" I skipped upstairs with him in close pursuit, and threw myself on the bed ready for him. He stripped off his clothes in a hell of a hurry and dived onto the bed, with his penis at the ready — it was huge! He lifted my legs onto his shoulders, and wham! His knob was out of this world, it stretched the lips of my cunt to their full extent. He got it so far up me. His cock was twice the size of my husband's, I have never been stretched so far by a man's knob before. He brought me to an incredible climax, I was screaming and shouting out loud, and then I felt him going faster and faster and he shot his load up me.

We parted with lingering kisses, he promised to be back soon. He hasn't returned yet, but I'm still hoping. — *Sandra, Ipswich.*

#### Knickers For Two

I have just laid my hands on your Volume 12 Number 7, and I was pleased to read the letter from J.H. of Oxford. I'm glad to find out that I'm not the only man in Britain to wear knickers.



I first wore knickers when I was 14 years old. It happened like this, the elastic in my underpants had snapped and they kept slipping down. I told my sister (16 and very pretty) what had happened during the school dinner hour, she had just finished P.E. and was wearing her P.E. pants under her skirt. So, she gave me her knickers to wear.

I have worn knickers ever since, and they turn on my girlfriend as well as me. Sometimes she asks me to put on her bra, knickers, suspender belt, garter and stockings — all in black. She goes mad, she takes my knickers off and I take hers off, and she just loves being fucked doggy style because she feels the stockings rubbing against the milky white skin of her bottom. I'll never regret the day I started wearing knickers. — *A.D., Manchester.*

#### Fanny Filling

My wife, Liz, is a dental assistant and, as far as one patient is concerned, she appears to

have found an enjoyable remedy for all those nerves suffered by this particular person. He is a middle-aged gentleman, (a company director, Liz thinks), and at his second visit of many he placed his left hand on the arm rest of the dentist's chair.

Nothing strange in that, except Liz wears a mini length, tight-fitting tunic, buttoned up the front. Thus, the tunic has a tendency to pull on the buttons — revealing a hint of white tights and panties. On the occasions Liz has to lean over this gentleman patient, his hand nestles just about where Liz's fanny is located. At first, all very harmless.

Then, on the third or so visit, the penny must have dropped and — lo and behold — Liz found, (to her pleasant surprise), that his finger would roam. At first, it played with the edge of the tunic. Then a button. Then, with Liz making no sound of objection, the finger actually began to tickle her fancy! All this with the dentist apparently unaware!

His most ambitious move came the other day when the fingers slipped a button undone and his hand actually slipped in to provide the satisfied Liz with the neatest piece of fanny massage she's ever enjoyed in her days as a dental assistant! Liz now wonders whether, on his next visit, her gentleman will adroitly ease tights and panties down! Liz asks — can you get 'it' on the National Health!?! — *D.W., Chelsea.*

#### Cupboard Love

I must tell you about the most enjoyable conquest I've made for ages. It happened at work, I'm a barman at a pub in Lincoln. It all took place at our Christmas party last year, which we held after closing time on the Saturday before Christmas. We kicked most of the customers out except a select group of regulars and people that we'd invited to the party, who we ushered into a back room until the rest of the pub was clear, then we took them back into the main bar

and started the party. The pub is a cellar bar, so we had no fears about detection from the local constabulary. They had been invited anyway.

There was a real mixture of people at the party — all the staff from the pub and their various girlfriends and boyfriends, friends of the landlord, some other local landlords and some brewery reps. I had to spend half an hour serving drinks, then I could spend half an hour socialising, then back behind the bar for half an hour, etc.

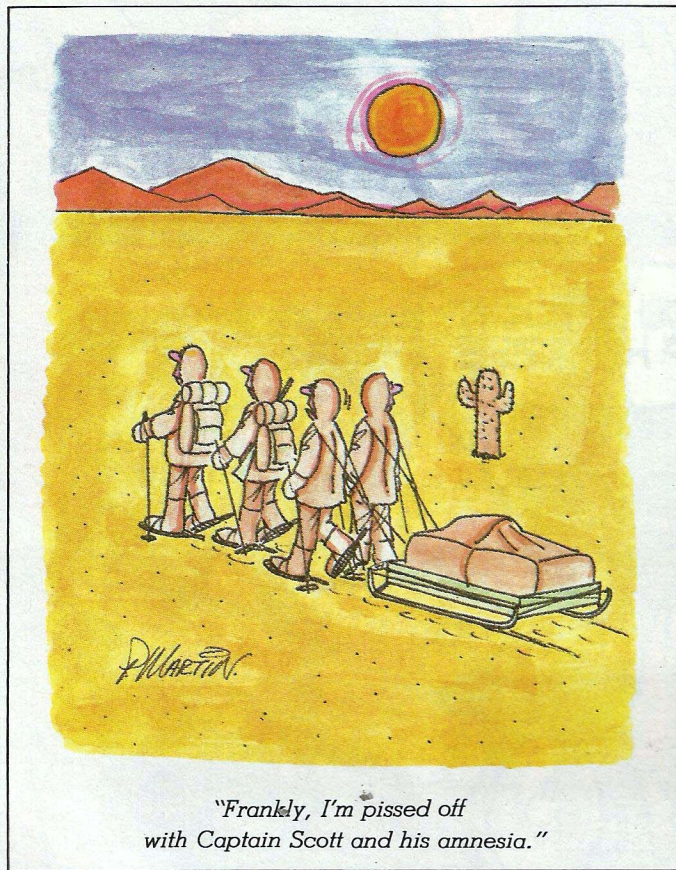
One woman caught my eye. I'd never seen her before, she was the wife of one of the brewery reps. They'd come down from Yorkshire for the party and were staying the night locally. She looked about thirty-five, she was black-haired and had a very promising figure, with good-sized tits and a lovely narrow waist — not to mention great legs, which were very much on display beneath her slit skirt.

When I first noticed her I was serving behind the bar, and she gave me a sly smile as I served her husband with a round of drinks. I heard her introduced as Tina. Hubbie was making strenuous efforts to chat up other landlords, and she was getting somewhat left out of the conversation. I grinned at her whenever I could, and was pleased to see that I got answering smiles.

My stint behind the bar finished at last, and I discreetly joined the group around Tina and her husband. I didn't say anything, I just stood behind her pretending to be interested in what was being said. Suddenly I felt a hand caressing my bum, I looked down to see Tina's left hand snaking around behind me. She wasn't looking at me, she too was giving the impression of listening to her husband droning on and on. I moved closer to her, so that I was standing almost directly behind her, and she had to take her hand away. I moved my hand over her bum, and slid it down between her legs. Her response was to open her legs slightly, and I was pushing my fingers through the material of her skirt almost into her twat.

I knew that I had to act now or else I would lose this opportunity. At the back of the

Continued on page 64.



"Frankly, I'm pissed off  
with Captain Scott and his amnesia."



# Constance



Okay Big Boy, this is where you  
get yours. Me and the  
girls is taking over the  
East Side — there's gonna  
be some changes made. It's curtains  
for punks like you unless  
you know what's good for you. Like being nice  
to Connie, understand me?



PHOTOGRAPHED BY K.K. JONES





**Maisie and Bertha will run the numbers racket and  
the girls, I'll take control of**







bootlegging—you take over the bootlicking.

We're gonna turn this town on its  
head and kick its ass—hard!



Why fight it? You're licked and you know

it—say uncle and I'll make it easy

on you. Then you can show me why they always

call you 'Machinegun'...



CONSTANCE  
**KNAVE**  
MAGAZINE





# Dear Dulcie...



Worried about your sex-life? Depressed by failure? In agonies over a social problem? Despairing because life has passed you by? You are? Then write to Dulcie - she likes a good laugh.

## Towel Movement

While having lunch at a friend's house I discovered that there was no toilet paper in the bathroom, and as I needed some I had no choice but to use a hand towel. I put the towel in my hand-bag, fully intending to take it home, wash it and return it the next day. However, a little while later my friend asked to see my new handbag. Needless to say she found the towel and accused me of stealing it. What should I do now?

EMBARRASSED, EALING

Dear Embarrassed: Anyone who entertains and doesn't have the sense to check her toilet paper supply isn't considerate enough to have friends. If she's really your friend, I'd hate to meet your enemies!

## Ring Trouble

Every time our phone rings, I have a bowel movement. Is this normal? What can I do?

INCONTINENT, IPSWICH

Dear Incontinent: I can't say that your condition is exactly normal, but then again, maybe it is. Why not take your phone off the hook during those hours when a trip to the toilet is most inconvenient, (late night, bathing, eating, etc.)

## Toilet Tealeaf

I had a few friends over for lunch the other day, and as we were talking I noticed that one of the girls was acting peculiar. I suspected something right away and asked to see her handbag. She was very reluctant to give me it and with good reason - she'd stolen one of my towels! I'm

## Late Developer

To "PETRIFIED, PLYMOUTH" - What happened to you is perfectly normal. It hurts at first, but you'll find that the pain will soon go away. Your photographs indicate that you are very normal and very attractive in that particular part of your body.

I'm sure that in time you'll be just great. I look forward to receiving more photos as development in that part of



shocked at her and don't know what to do for the best.

ESTRANGED, EALING

Dear Estranged: Anyone who steals from her friends is no friend at all. Drop her like a hot brick!

## Hamsters Garden Suburb

My Husband Hubert and I have finally found a use for all those toilet-paper cores. We attach them together, paint them in jolly colours and make them into hamster tunnels, which we give to children in the neighbourhood.

CREATIVE, CHELTENHAM

Dear Creative: That's the most stupid thing I've ever heard.

## Taking The Piss

I'm very generous about loaning things, but I'm really pissed off. You see, I loaned a neighbour my very expensive best hand-towels for a lunch she was having with her friends. When she returned them the next day, one of them was stained and smelled very strongly of urine. What could be wrong with her?

EMBITTERED, EALING

Dear Embittered: I think your friend needs a good hygiene lesson. And you need friends like her the way a fish needs a tail.

## A Knickers Worth

After throwing out dozens of pairs of my teenage daughter's old underpants,

your lovely body progresses.

## Soft Option

To "FLACCID, FALMOUTH" - There's nothing to be ashamed of about impotence, Flaccid. An erection is, after all, just a state of mind. Perhaps you've lost yours. In which case, why not consult a good psychiatrist and stop wasting my time?

I've recently discovered that there are men who will pay good money for them.

THRIFTY, THORNTON HEATH

Dear Thrifty: Well, thanks for the tip!

## Coming Clean

I'm the son of a rich family that's very prominent in my town, and I've committed about a dozen sexual assaults on hamsters around here in the past year. I know I need help, and I intend surrendering myself to the police. But is there some way I can turn myself in without causing a lot of embarrassing publicity for my parents?

REPENTANT, RAMSGATE

Dear Repentant: It certainly sounds like you need help. However, there's no way that you could turn yourself in to the police without attracting attention. Maybe you should reconsider. Are you sure that you wouldn't be hurting your family more than you would be helping yourself? Or hamsters.

## Nasal Drip

Our son Elvis stuffed a walnut up his nose, and my husband and I can't get it out. We are worried that it might travel up and poke a hole in his brain. What can we do?

PERPLEXED, PURLEY

Dear Perplexed: Don't panic. There's a lot of this kind of thing going around. And don't worry about the nut, it won't move up into his brain. Have Elvis plug his clear nostril with plasticine, close his mouth and blow hard as he can through a straw, while you fetch him a blow on the back with a broom, or a tennis racquet. This might free the nut - then again, it might not.

## Versatile

I've found that a sanitary towel tied to each knee saves a lot of scrapes and pains when you're doing floors! And they also make really cute emergency pot-plant holders.

UNINHIBITED, UXBRIDGE

Dear Uninhibited: What are you - some kind of pervert?

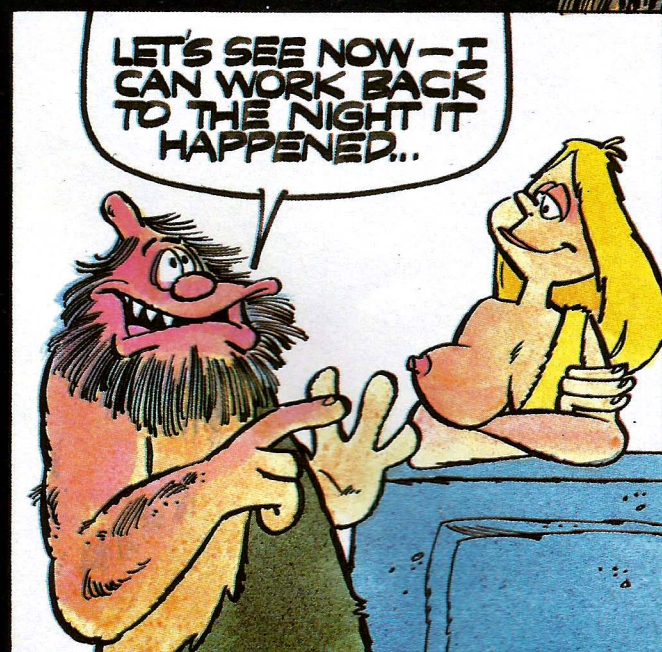
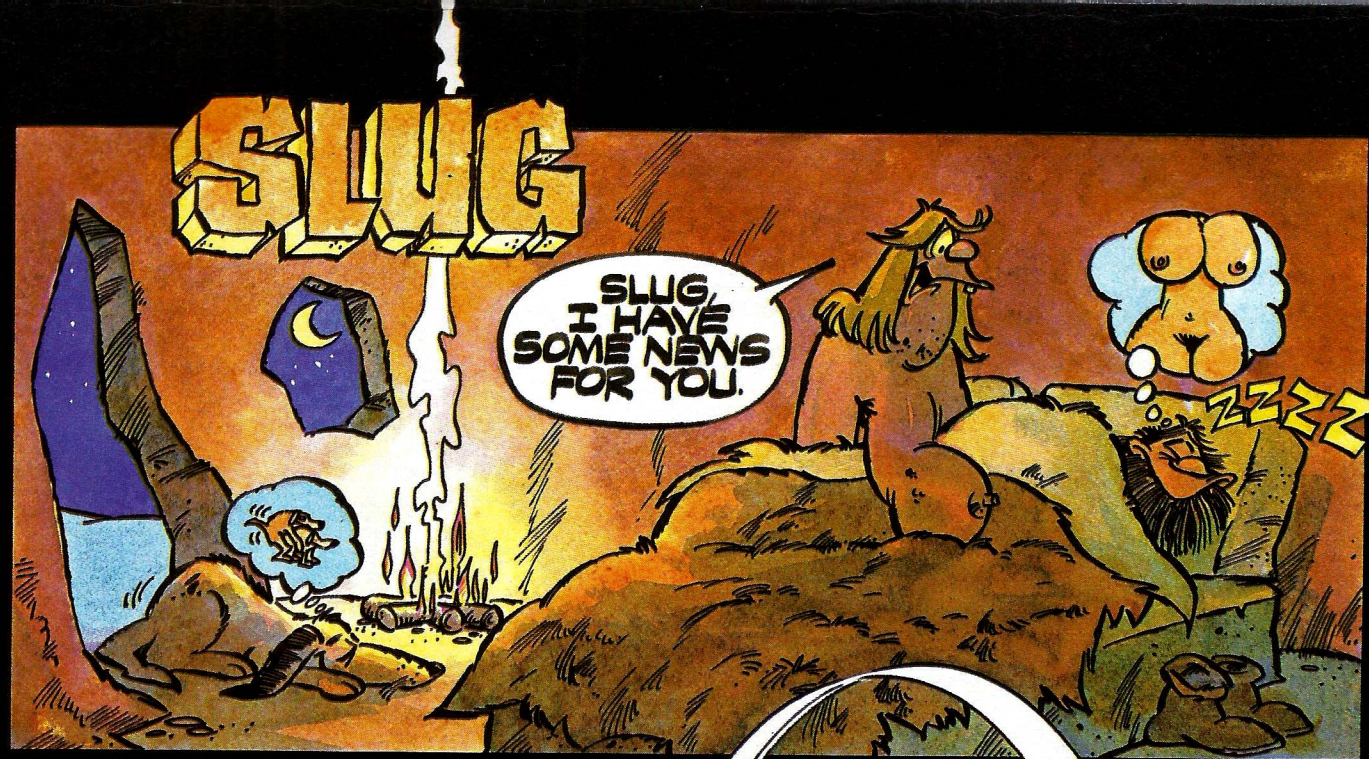
## Off Colour

I've got Bright's Disease and he's got mine!

HYPOCHONDRIAC, HENDON

Dear Hypochondriac: Are you complaining, or merely bragging?







# Lorna Andrews

## KNAVE'S AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH

Her favourite bedside book is *The Perfumed Garden*. "I love all that 'Moon of My Delight' stuff," she insisted. "And the way it's written, going into all the most intimate details without ever sounding crude. It always makes me feel randy." Is it well thumbed? — we asked. She blushed prettily. The book! — we explained. A moment of confusion passed safely. The session started slowly and tentatively. Then, over lunch, we started swapping stories. Inevitably sex featured largely. Risqué is the word. Ribald is another one. We love it when we talk dirty. By the way girls, when you send your photos in — why not suggest a setting yourself? No promises (and no trips to Hawaii) but we'll do our best for you.













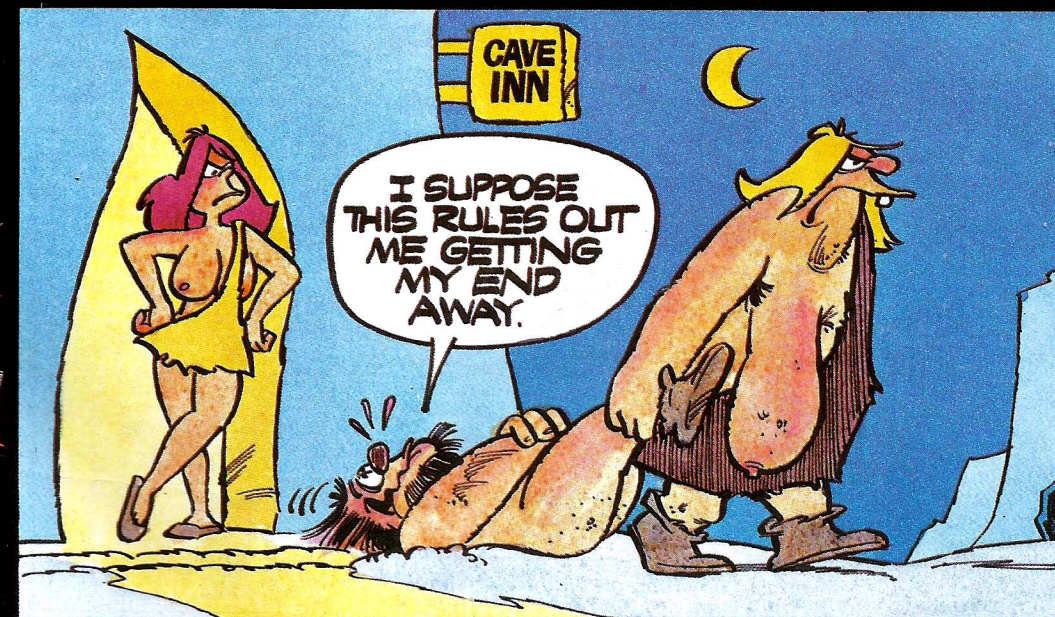
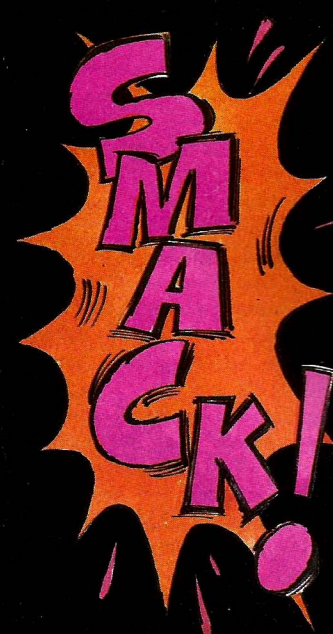
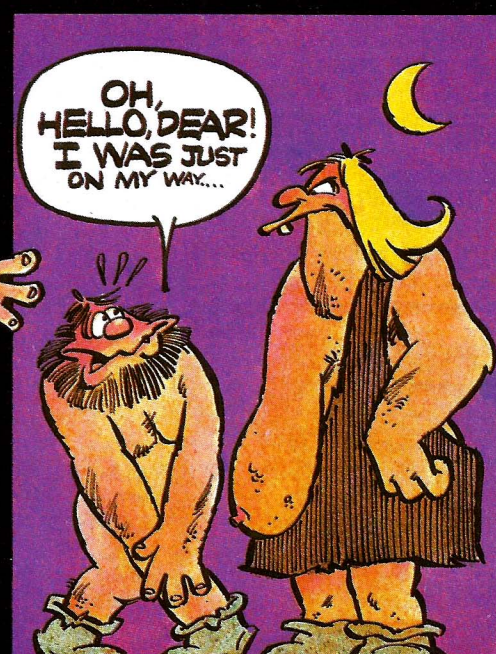
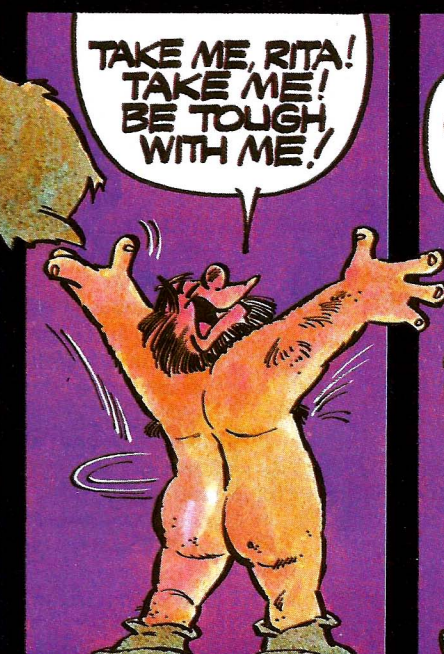
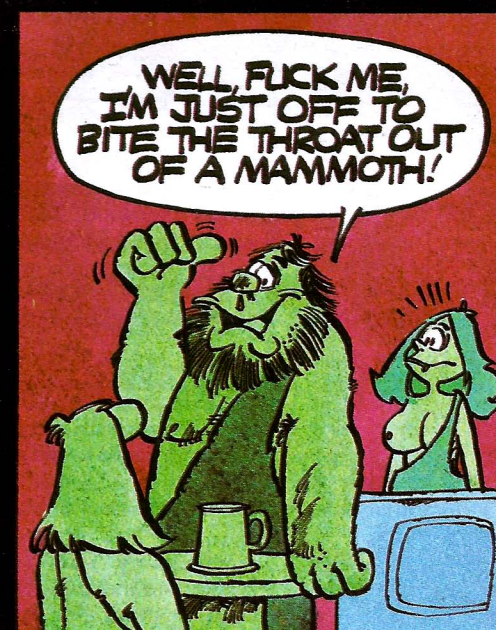
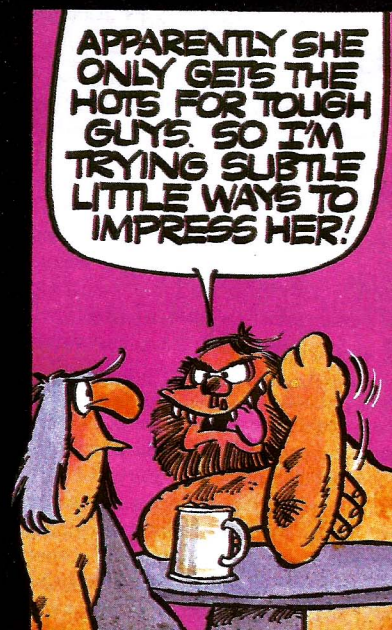
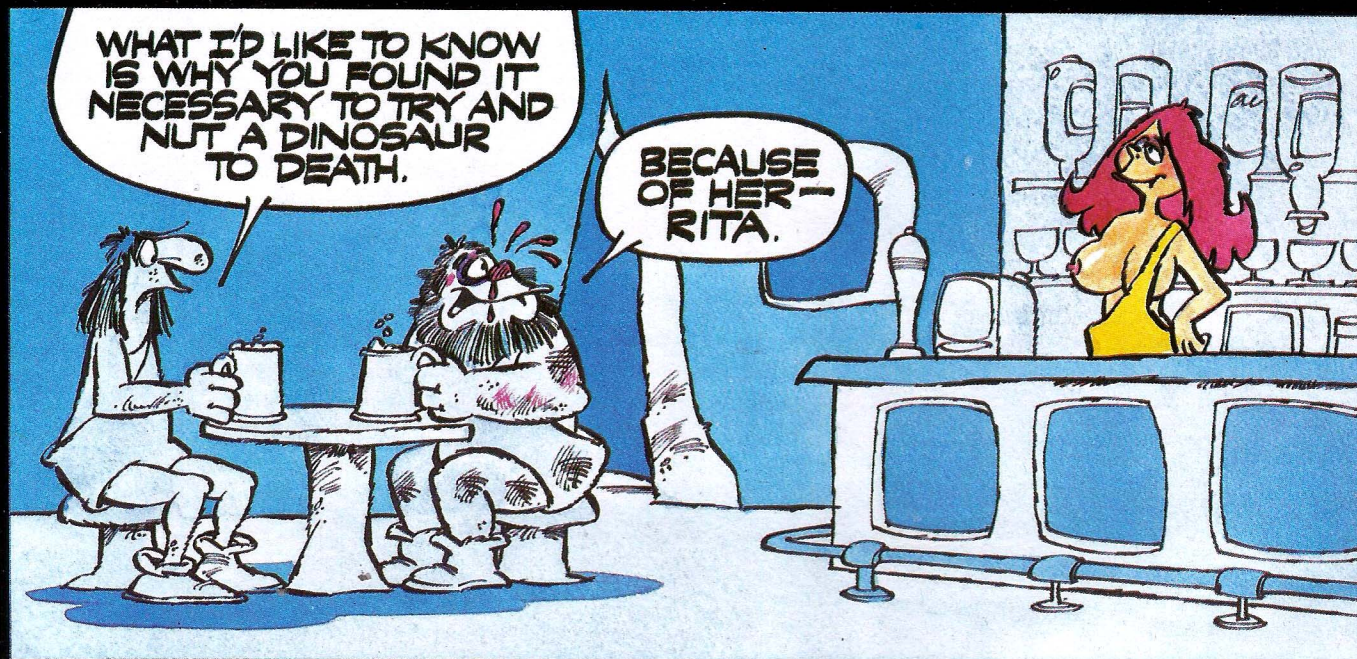
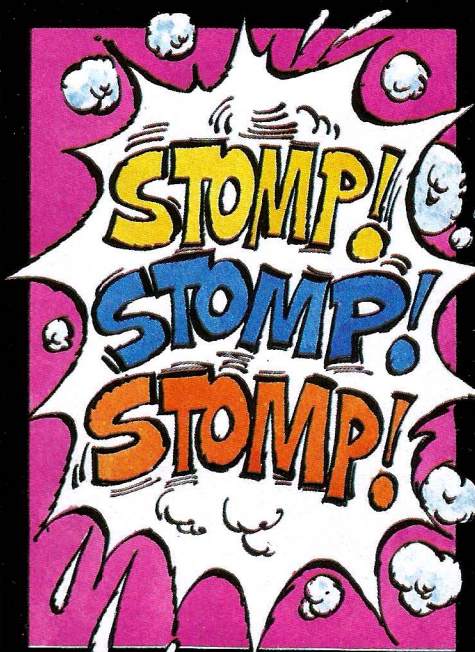
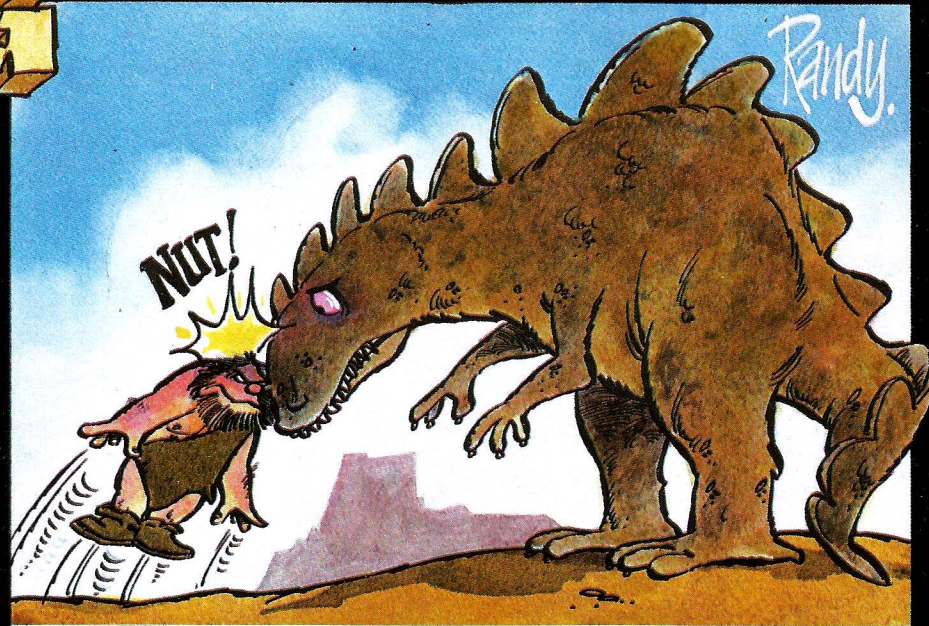
### A STAR FOR A DAY

Experience a little glamour under the lights and prove you're as good as our other models. As our Amateur Model of the Month you'll be the star of a photo-session shot by a professional photographer in a fully equipped studio — and with a top make-up artist in attendance. So come on girls, send us three recent pictures of yourself (preferably nude) with your name and address included. Your modelling fee will be £150 — and there's a further £25 for the enterprising photographer who brings you to our attention. Let's hear from you **now**.





# SLUG





Continued from page 40.

bar there were two rooms, one was a big kitchen, the other was a rest room for the staff. It was a very small room, little more than a cupboard, with two or three armchairs and a small table, and nothing else apart from a radio. I moved alongside Tina, held her hand for a second, and beckoned her to follow me, then I slipped away to this rest room. A minute later she joined me, it was so dark and smoky in the bar that hopefully nobody had noticed her sneaking off.

By the time she had joined me in the rest room I was naked and spread out in one of the armchairs. She stood looking at me for a few seconds, then turned and locked the door. We were alone together — in a cold and dingy cupboard with not a bed in sight! Still, there was plenty of room for improvisation. She came close to me, then straddled me, sitting on my thighs. Lazily, she started playing with my balls, and she told me to undress her.

I started with her stockings, (not tights, I was glad to see), and then I pulled her dress over her head. She was wearing gorgeous pink underwear, a really glamorous bra and a skimpy pair of pants. I nuzzled her tits, enjoying the feeling of the texture of the material, before removing it and her panties. There was nothing between my fingers and her cunt this time, so I gently eased two up her, while at the same time I rubbed her clitty with my thumb.

With my other hand I was delicately tracing the outline of her lips, her nose, her eyebrows and her chin, before moving down to caress her nipples, quickly stiffening them.

Meanwhile, she was playing with my cock, wanking it hard, so much so that I was almost ready to come. She moved her body up mine so that she was sitting on my ribs instead of on my thighs, then she raised herself and guided my prick into her twat. I didn't have to do any work, she just bounced up and down until I came, and she followed suit soon afterwards, stretching out and arching her back as she did so, yelling out, "Oh, God, I've needed this, you don't know how much I've needed this!" All very flattering, but I was scared shitless that someone would hear the noises and investigate.

After her orgasm had died away, she rested in my arms for a few minutes, then jumped up and put her clothes on in a hurry, saying, "I must get back, or I'll be missed." She gave me a quick, hard kiss, unlocked the door, and dashed out. I got up and locked the door again, in case anyone burst in, and slowly got dressed. What a woman! She had been a great

screw, and it was even more thrilling knowing that her husband was standing next door, totally unaware of what was going on! — *Colin, Lincoln.*

#### Hole In The Wall

Although our sex life has always seemed okay, my wife Julie and I have found a way to make it even better. We'd often talked about swapping, group sex and so on, but never seriously. Then one day she confided that her boss was always chatting her up and had suggested she went away with him for the weekend. I soon realised she was quite tempted with the idea of having sex with him, so I suggested that she bring him back to our flat instead of going away with him. She'd admitted having fantasies about people watching her getting fucked — and so that's how we planned it.

I drilled a secret hole in the wall so that I could see the couch in our front room from the kitchen and, on the big night, hid in the garden until I felt they'd had time to settle down on the couch. Then I crept into the kitchen as quietly as I could and put my eye to the spy hole.

They were already kissing and as I watched he started

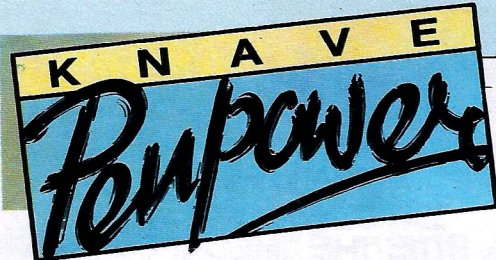
fondling her tits through her loose top. I knew she wasn't wearing a bra, and I saw him start with surprise when he discovered this. Her top came off almost at once and he began tweaking her lovely, large nipples. I could see all this quite clearly, and when he started sucking on them I found myself getting as excited as they obviously were.

He soon had his hand up her skirt, slowly at first until he found she wasn't wearing any knickers either, after which he became more confident. He pulled her skirt right up around her waist and probed and explored her cunt with his fingers, meanwhile kissing her fiercely and squeezing her nipples with his other hand. Now Julie took a hand and unzipped his trousers, revealing his prick. He is only a small man, but he has the largest prick I have ever seen.

Julie likes a long work-up before she starts fucking, and before she was ready he was frantic — obviously dying for it. They got down onto the carpet, luckily still in view of my spyhole, and he slipped his massive prick between her wet and swollen cunt lips and penetrated her deeply. The action was hidden from me but I could tell by his rapidly thrusting hips and their lustful grunts that he knew how to use this monster erection.

It was all over very quickly and they stopped for a rest. But he was very quickly rampant again, and this time he made her mount him. This was marvellous because it gave me a clear view of the action, as her back was towards me. It was a lovely sight as she slid her cunt down the length of his prick and he pulled the cheeks of her bum apart to hold her cunt open. In fact, the sight of it ramming into her as the lips clung to the shaft turned me on so much I wanked myself off on the spot.

He told her later that he hadn't had a woman for months, which explains how he managed to fuck her three times in all. He didn't leave until 2.30 am and I ached from having to stand still so long, afraid that he might hear me. But it was an amazing experience for me, and Julie admitted that knowing that I was watching turned her on even more. — *G.K., Carlisle.*



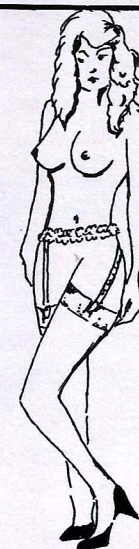
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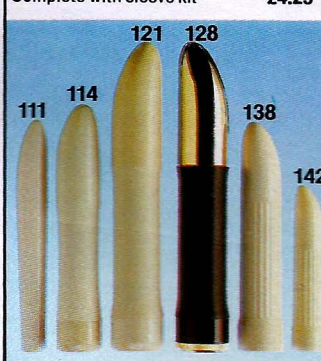
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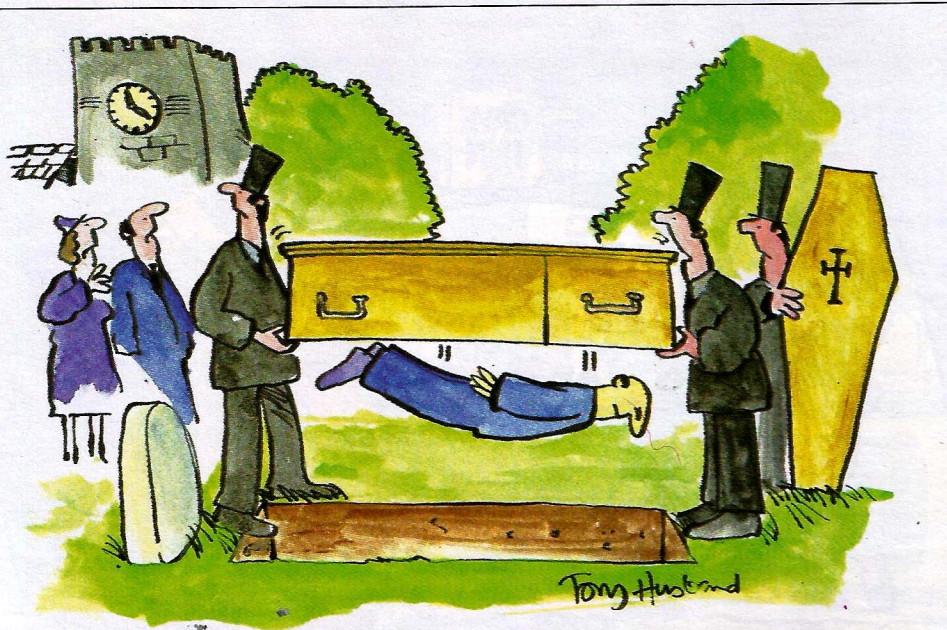
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"I never said anything about burying the coffin as well."



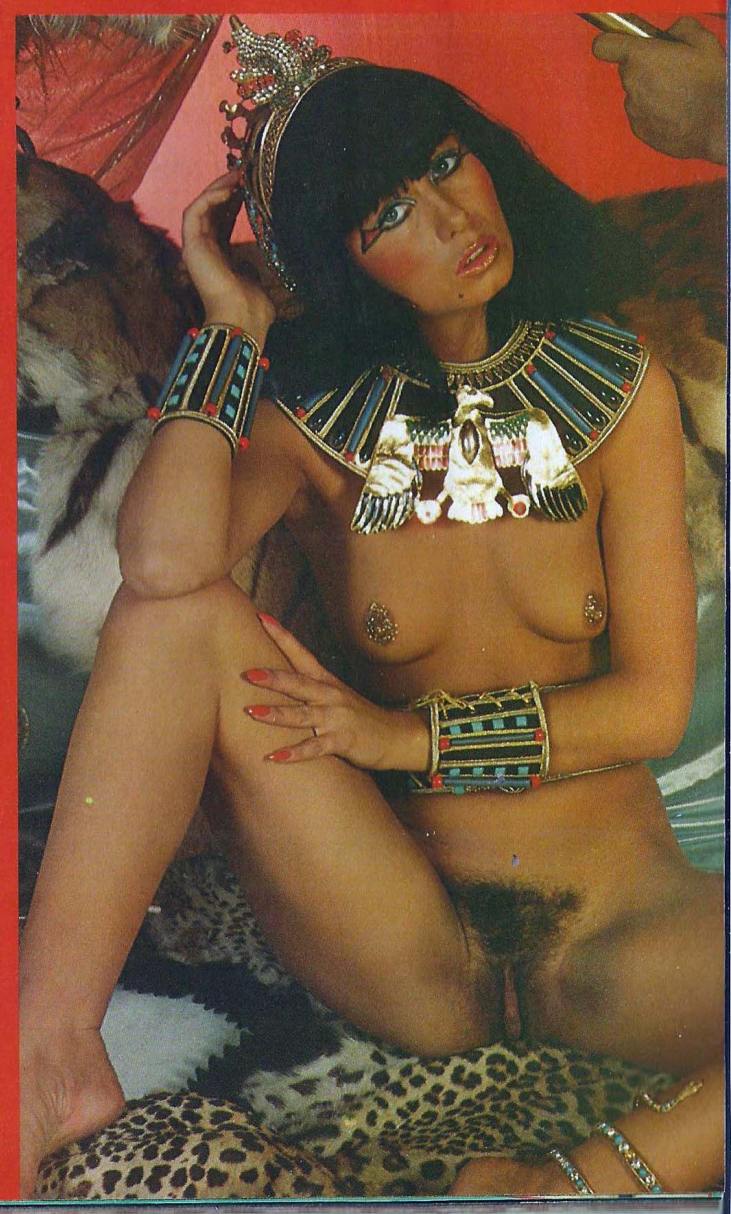
# NEFERTITI

Eyes down for another educative girlie blurb. Once upon a time there was this Egyptian queen, Nefertiti to her old man, Mrs. Pharoah to you – and Grannie to Tutenkamen. We only know about her because some archaeologists excavated her bust – poor thing. The Egyptian royal family eventually died out and it's thought that this was Nefertiti's fault because of her craze for contraception – she spent all her time trying not to be a mummy! To be honest, we only called the model that because it sounded rude. The lovely lady beneath the make-up, (thanks be to Dean), is called Marie – and she's a blonde. It's amazing what you can do with a spot of mascara on the pubics...

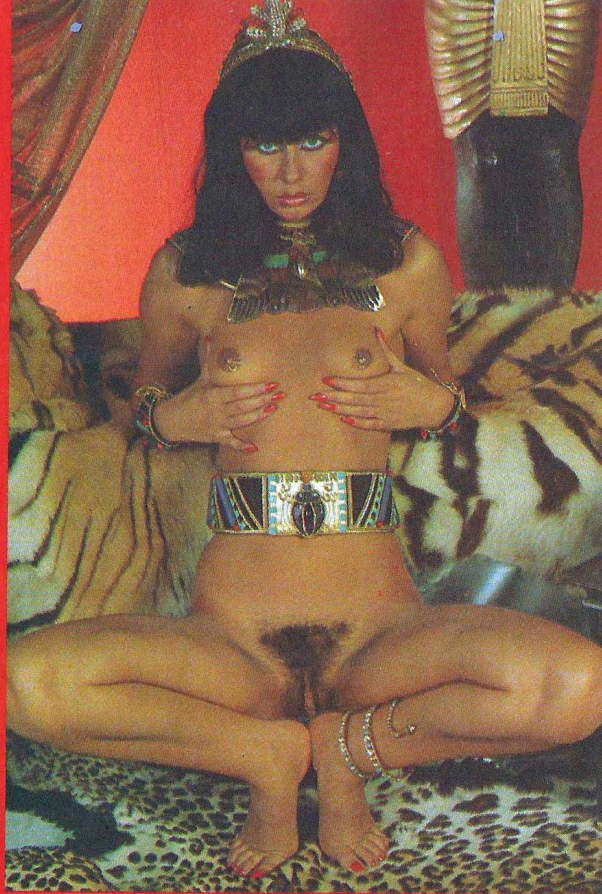
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIMON JOAD













NEEFERTITI  
**KNAVE**  
MAGAZINE





# JOSSIE

Would we lie to you? When she steamed in to our offices as one of the best Amateurs we've ever had the pleasure of,



PHOTOGRAPHED BY K.K.JONES





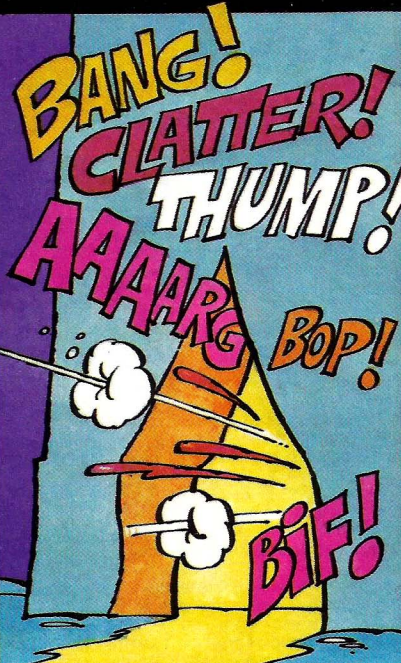
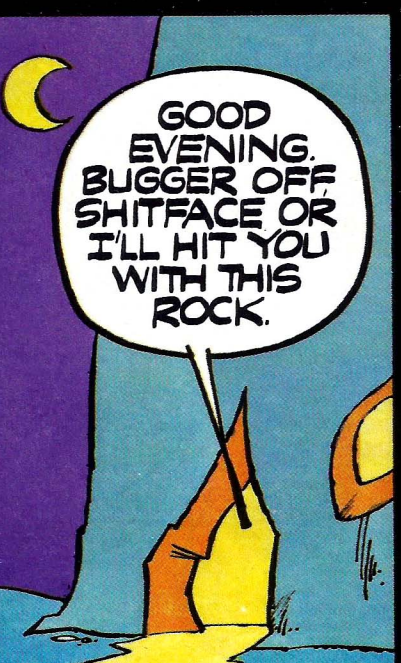
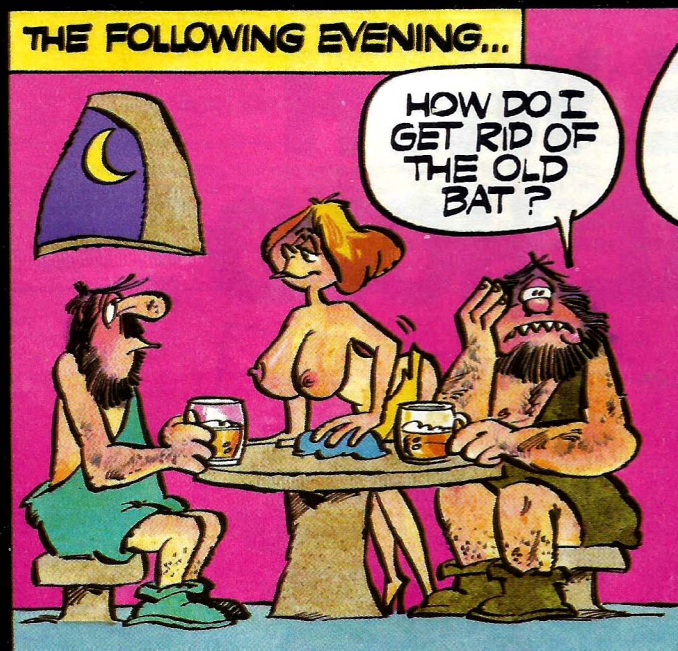
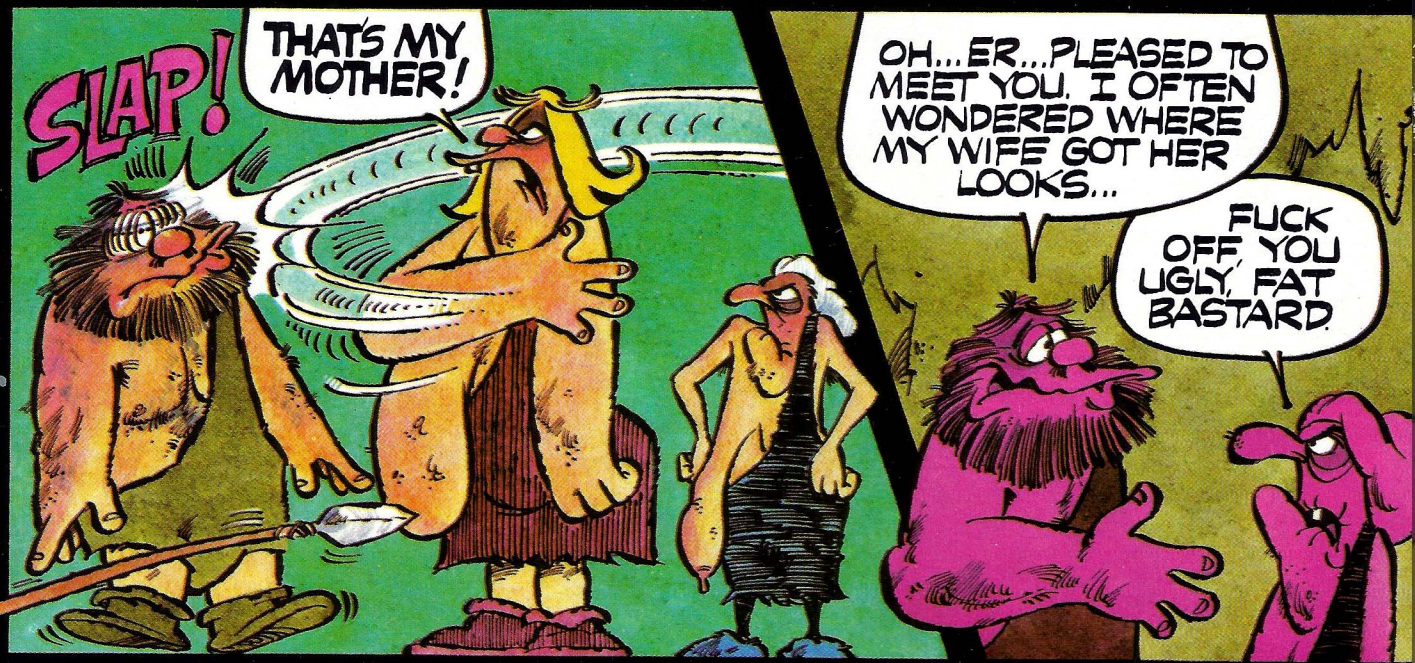
we swore  
we'd bring her back as soon as  
humanely possible (well, the Editor  
needs his sleep). So here she is, the  
undisputed star of The Yodelling  
Milkmaid Coffee Bar. When she  
walks through the door the juke  
box lights up, the pinball tilts and  
the one armed bandit makes  
obscene gestures at the wall. She  
can make a milk shake just by  
looking at it. 5'1" tall and  
40-22-36, Josie is precisely the  
right shape for a nostalgic 50s  
feature. Except that she wasn't  
even born when that pinball  
first started ringing bells. Oh  
dear, pass the Phyllosan,  
Millicent . . .













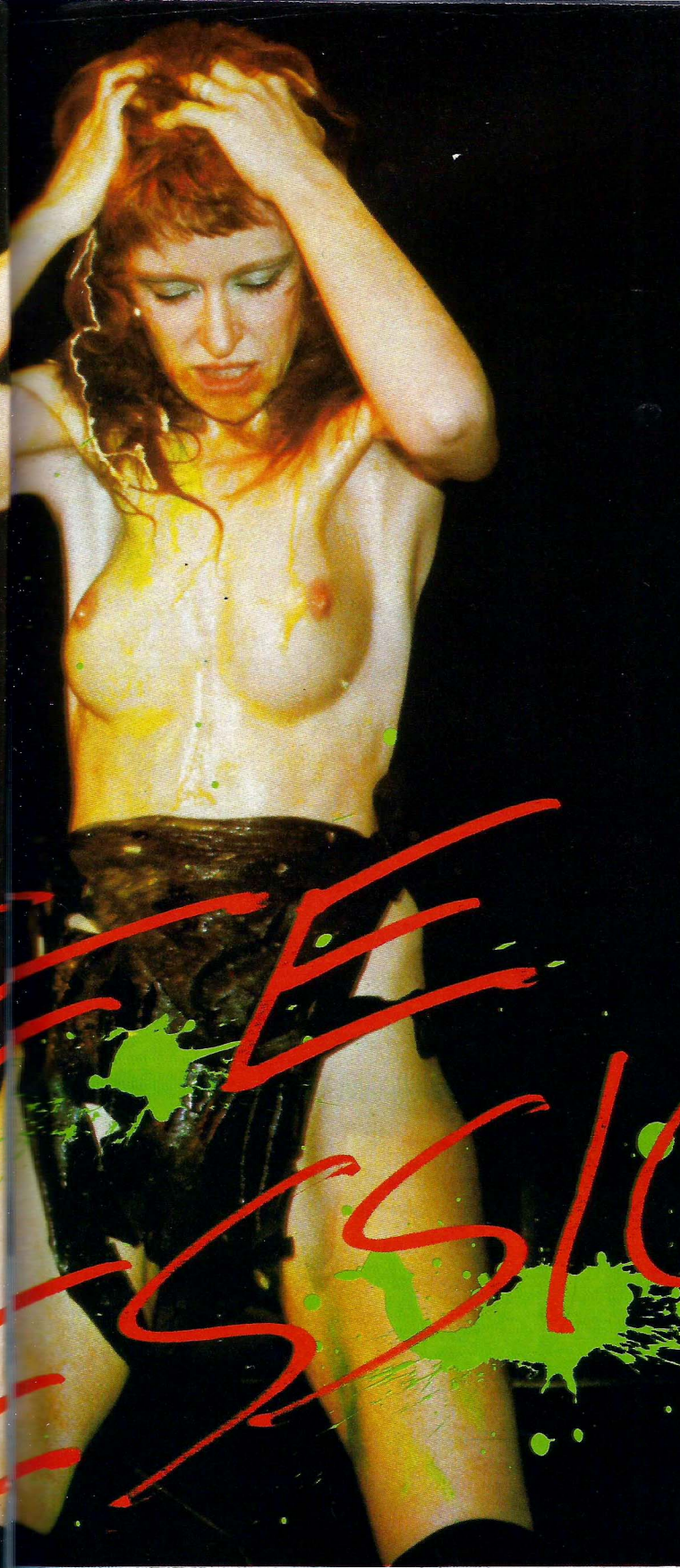
# TROUBLE WITH HORIZONTAL HOLD?



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# TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS

Knave has had more rock music coverage than usual in recent issues. We did our bit on rock 'n' roll's new girls in Vol. 14 No 12, and we discovered what happened to some long-forgotten names in Vol. 15 No. 3. Now these and others were all fine, interesting pieces, but they didn't have too much in the way of, well, sex appeal. We think we may have found something to redress the balance . . . a band called True Life Confessions. They're not exactly clean family entertainment. Rupert Metcalf digs up the details.

**S**outh London rock band True Life Confessions thought they had made it big when they clinched the support band billing on the Slade Christmas 1982 tour. Backing crowd pullers like Slade would, they felt, lift them a few levels above the pub and club circuit that they had been accustomed to. Things didn't quite work out as planned . . .

As these pictures indicate, you're slightly more likely to see a pair or two of tits at a True Life Confessions gig than you are at a Nolan Sisters concert. Red-haired Helen April and French African *chanteuse* Anny Salvetti sometimes wear Girl Guide uniforms or kinky leather numbers, but more often than not they end up wearing not very much at all. The guys

in the band don't exactly go in for conservative dress, either, especially guitarist 'Swot' – whose party trick is to appear as a nude Santa. Drummer Kenny Harris borrows from the same seasonal theme, he does an impersonation of Neasden soul singer Mari Wilson singing "Just What I Always Wanted" – using an upside-down Santa beard on his head

as beehive hairdo like Mari's! The other band members are John Dummer – formerly of Darts – Chris Lucas and Phil Sewell. They perform songs like "Sex Slave" – with suitable visual embellishments, as you can see. But one of the highlights of the concerts comes when Helen smothers herself with spaghetti. She told me a couple of months

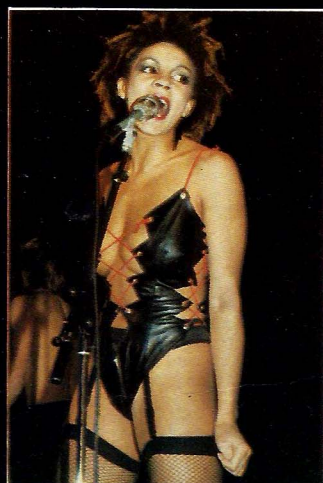


## TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS

back that she's now included eggs and tomatoes as well!

All this made True Life Confessions a big draw in their native South London pubs, and set them up for their Slade tour booking. Their record company, Speed Records, is run by Frank Lea, brother of Slade bass player Jimmy Lea. The highlight of the Slade tour was a prestige show at London's Hammersmith Odeon, one of

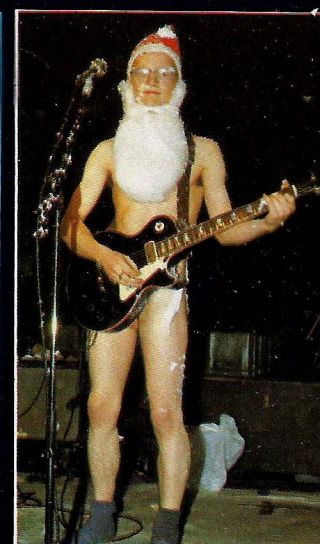
the capital's major concert venues. However, the Odeon management and concert promoter Morris Jones were shocked and scandalised by the True Life Confessions set. They were not impressed, they decided enough was enough, and they pulled the plugs. The band's tour contract was terminated, and it was made clear to them that they would not be welcome at the



Hammersmith Odeon again. This was bad news for most of the Odeon staff, who had taken time off from their duties to

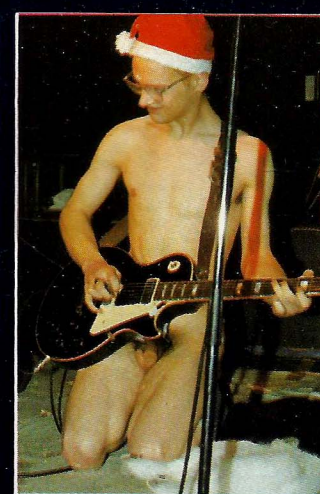


## TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS



watch the band. Frank Lea was so upset that he nearly picked a fight with Morris Jones. But nothing could change the decision of the men with the power, and a somewhat distressed and embarrassed Slade had to look for a new support act.

Helen told me that the management had refused to let the band appear again even if they cleaned up their act, they were "disgusting," she was told. Still, the resultant publicity has not entirely harmed the band. According to Helen, punters



are now queueing round the block to get into their pub gigs. Some venues have taken a similar line to the Hammersmith Odeon and said 'Don't call us, we'll call you,' but others have been more than welcoming, thinking of their cash registers. Some places have told the band, though, to "clean up their mess!"

Their single "Don't Call Me Chickenhead" was released in February, and a follow-up should be available soon. They'll be touring England, and then maybe Europe later in the year. Watch out... they could be in your local soon.





# TIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
K.K. JONES



If you were lucky enough to meet Tia in the street, (sorry – can't tell you which one), you might well assume her to be wearing a no-bra bra of the finest gossamer. She must be wearing something, no one can look so up-lifted without support, surely? Nope, she wears no-bra-at-all. And in these stunning

pix by the great K. K. Jones, (he of the lustful lens and flattering patter), you can see what we mean. They thrust and pert all on their own, defying gravity and description. Remarkable. Tia herself, as we failed to mention when she starred in our much vaunted Christmas Special, is an Art Student from the London area but ... er ... studying







out of town. Can't be too specific. We have to be so careful, you see. We can't have you bursting in on her Life Class and offering your all in the cause of Art Appreciation. In this business you can look but you can't touch — all you see is all you get. Only in Tia's case, all you see is probably more than you could handle anyway ...





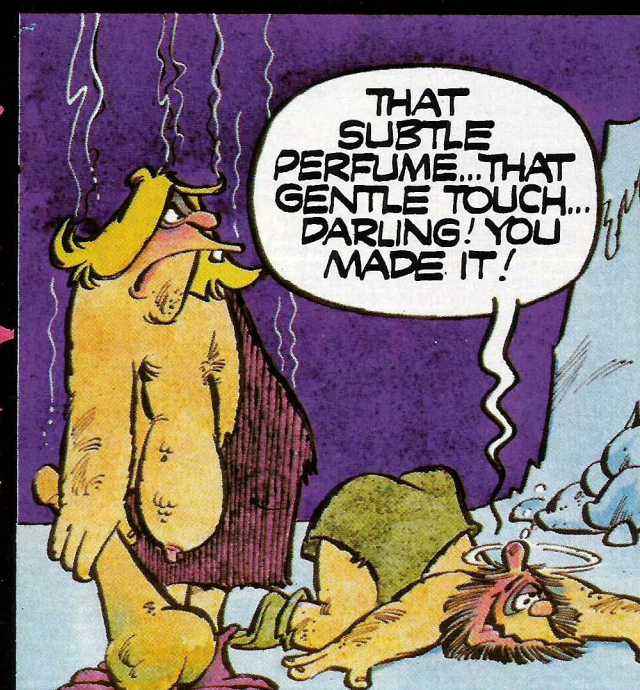
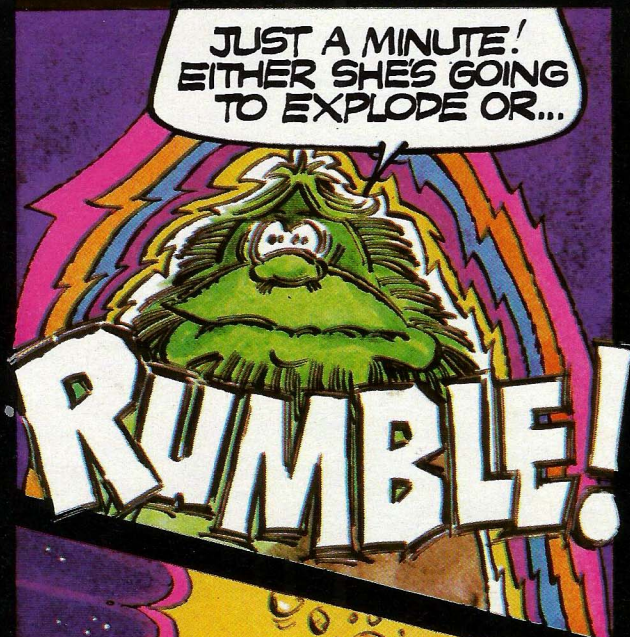




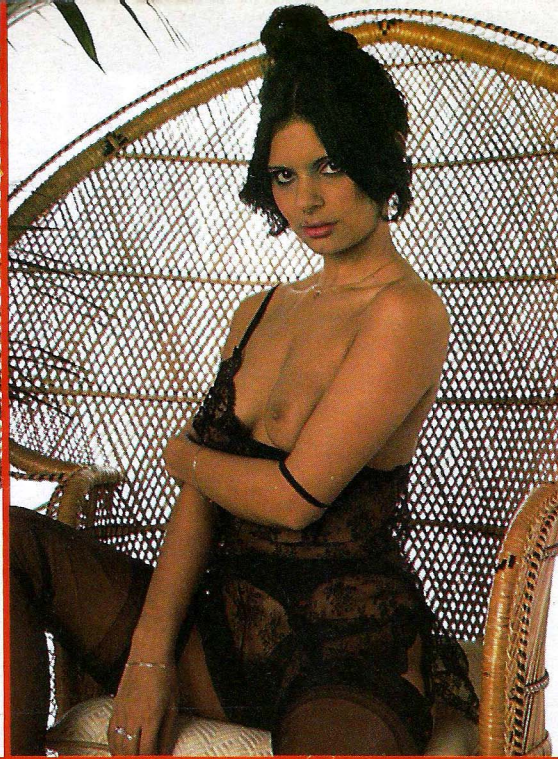
# SLUG

THE PREHISTORIC AIR IS FILLED WITH SOUNDS OF THE NIGHT.

GRUNT! RUMBLE!  
GRUNT! RUMBLE!  
SLOBBER GROWL!  
SLOBBER GROWL!  
SCRATCH! SCRATCH!







Shivani came to us (from Coventry) as one of our Amateur models, a week after last month's little (!) cracker, Josie Ross. The Editor was in a quandary (instead of the pub) because we can't squeeze two Amateurs into one issue. So Josie got the Amateur spot and Shivani had to become a Professional on the strength of her first photo-session. Why? Well, the word gets around very fast in this business, and since then Shivani has



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACK ROGERS

# SHIVANI







worked for two other magazines — at least! So we daren't call her an Amateur any more. But we're prepared to swear, on the Kama Sutra no less, that this is her very first photo-session — okay? But not the last, we've shot her again ourselves (coming soon, as they say). She's 20 years old, enjoyed it so much she's becoming a stripper, and she's one of the sexiest girls we've met in a long time — believe, believe!









# Professional Holiday Snap!

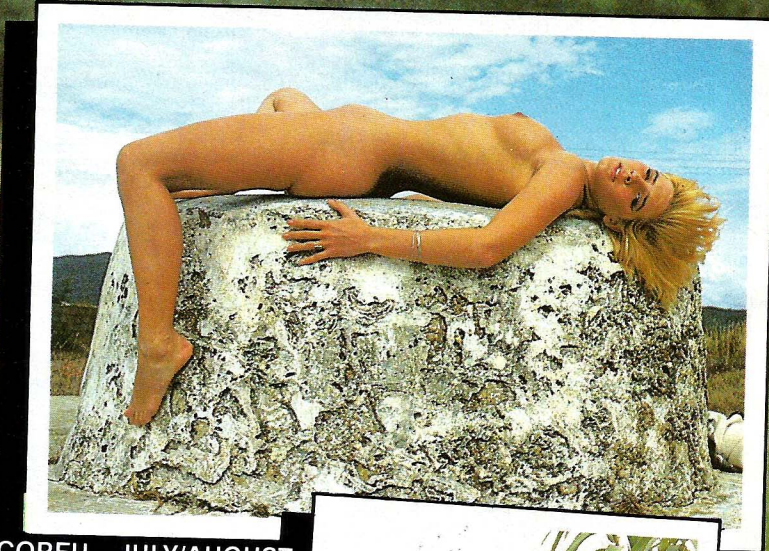
How about returning from this year's holiday with some decent pictures for a change? Some memorable snaps of the beloved—without her head chopped off? *Ben Peliam* shows how a professional does it.

Last year Bill Carter and his wife Liv went abroad four or five times. On three of those trips, plus another to the Suffolk countryside, Bill took some holiday snaps—those you see here.

It will not surprise you to learn that Bill is a professional photographer, working mainly in advertising, and Liv is a top model. But although a couple of their trips were working assignments abroad, these are genuine holiday snaps, taken on days off—and taken superbly.

First, for those of you who prefer the old-fashioned non-automatic cameras—a few technical details. Bill used a Canon with a 135mm zoom lens and an 81A filter for all the shots, except the red umbrella and the straw beach umbrella shots where he used a 57 filter as well.

Mostly the light was the usual brilliant Mediterranean sunlight, but in a few cases he had to take a little extra care. The Suffolk pictures (A lot of bread, a bag of flowers and dog) were taken in the early evening; F4 at one 80th. The background picture on pages 42–43, was another evening shot, this time in Corfu; F4.5 at one 125th, with a hand held flash as a fill in. And the 'statuesque' pictures, which were also taken in



CORFU - JULY/AUGUST



CORFU - JULY/AUGUST



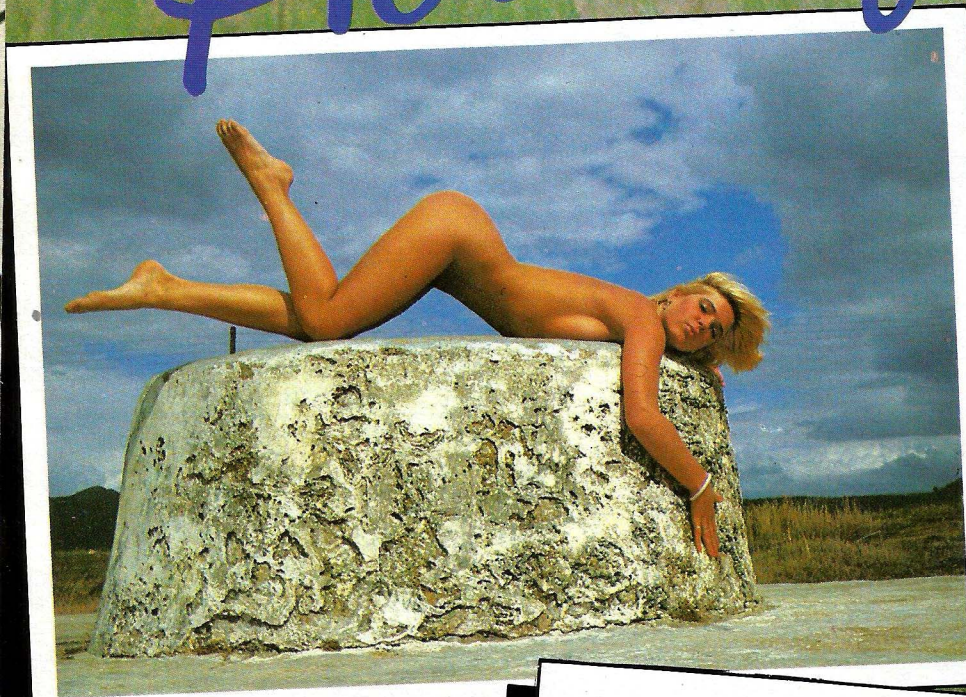
SUFFOLK - MAY/JUNE

five time, look a bit . . . er . . . scruffy in comparison? Well, there's more to it than pushing the button—you don't get shots like Bill's by accident.

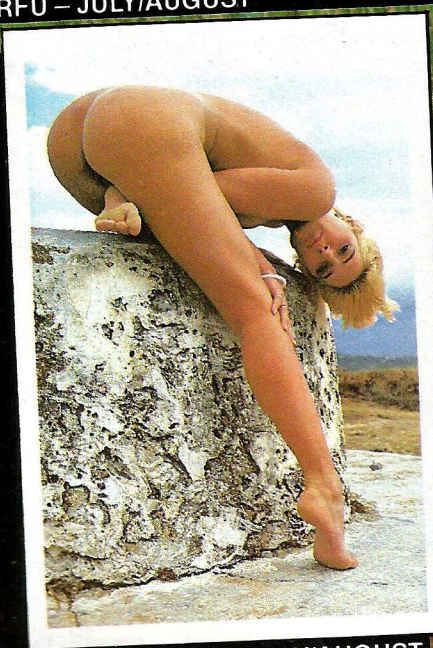
The first thing to remember is that, unless you're going to rely entirely on candid, 'caught you by surprise' shots, you are going to have to learn to treat your subject as a model—not as a lover. You have to get her relaxed, get her used to the idea that you are actually going to take some time and trouble in setting up a particular shot. Not everyone is

Corfu, were taken against a very bright sky; F16 at one 250th.

But with one of these new-fangled, automatic jobs, you don't have to worry about all that. And you can still get good results. So why do your pictures of your wife or girlfriend, venturing topless onto the beach in Greece for the first, tenta-



CORFU - JULY/AUGUST



CORFU - JULY/AUGUST



CORFU - JULY/AUGUST



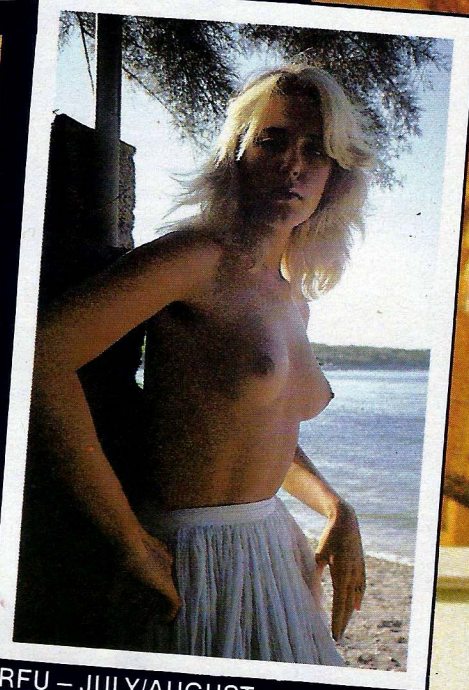
# Professional Holiday Snaps!



CRETE - SEPTEMBER



SOUTH OF FRANCE - OCTOBER



CORFU - JULY/AUGUST

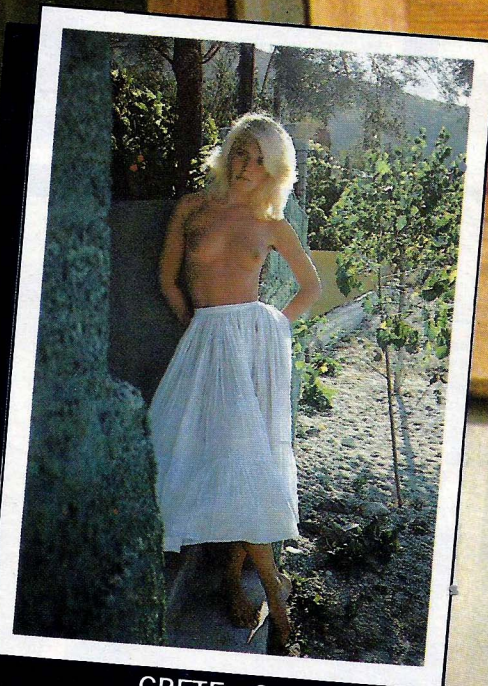


SOUTH OF FRANCE - OCTOBER



CRETE - SEPTEMBER

CRETE - SEPTEMBER



CRETE - SEPTEMBER

photogenic, but with the right 'chat' most people can get into the mood. Despite, or maybe because of, the fact that you know her so well she might actually be nervous. Put her at her ease, flatter her, tell her how good she looks—and she will.

Get her involved. Freezing into a pose for minutes at a time whilst someone tinkers with his F stops isn't just boring, it can be bloody uncomfortable. Get her enthusiastic about the eventual results—better still get her to suggest the pose herself. And keep talking, you have to establish a rapport between you.

A genuinely natural pose almost invariably looks sloppy. To get that relaxed look takes a lot of hard work. The basic points to remember are; stomachs look better when they're held in; chests should be

pushed out, as should bottoms; toes should be pointed and legs/knees that point directly at the camera look distorted. Also watch out for sun in the eyes making her squint, trees in the background growing out of the top of her head and shadows giving her double chins or five o'clock shadow.

But by the time you've finally got her into precisely the right pose she'll probably have cramp and the next day she'll ache all over. Especially if she finds it hard to follow your instructions.

You can see what she looks like, she can't. "Move your leg forward," is a pretty stupid thing to say when you think about it—with a choice of two she's quite likely to move the wrong one. And it's all your fault. Think about your instructions before you give them and

then make them as clear as possible. And if you think she's getting tired or irritable, tell her to remember the pose and relax for a minute. Then start afresh—with better results.

I'm assuming you both want to take some sexy shots, though how sexy is between you, your conscience and your local chemists shop. 'Naturists' pictures—completely nude in the open air—can look really good. Rather like the 'art studies' that nude photographers used to



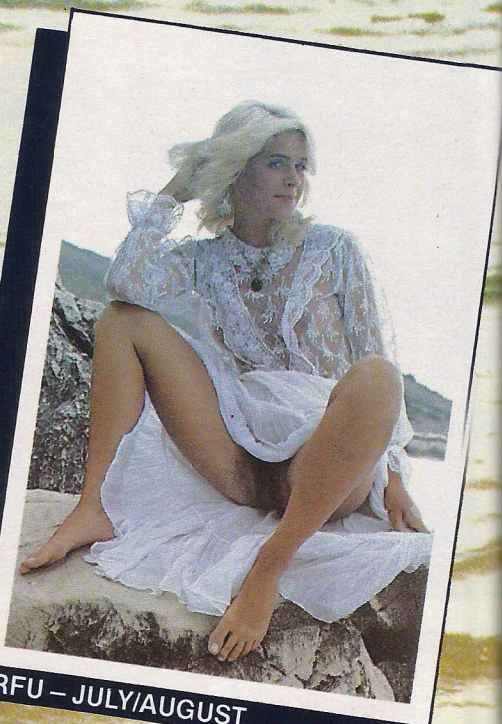
# Professional Holiday Snaps!



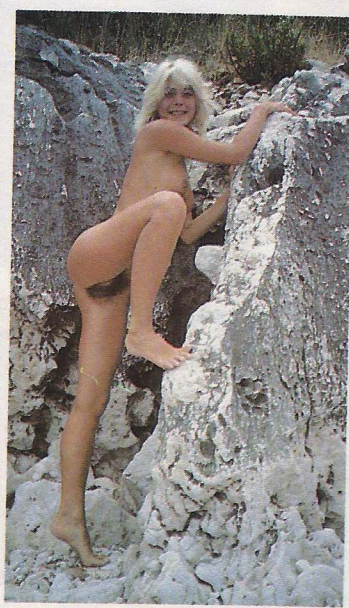
CORFU - JULY/AUGUST



CORFU - JULY/AUGUST



CORFU - JULY/AUGUST



CORFU - JULY/AUGUST



CORFU - JULY/AUGUST

take in the 50s if done well. If done badly they are completely unsexy and not particularly attractive.

For reasons I won't go into because I'm not sure I entirely understand them, the female form divine looks more erotic with a few, strategically placed scraps of cloth. A photographer friend of mine was telling me that a particular model arrived in his studio with a very sexy buckskin style dress on; no bra and a very short skirt. She looked great. All day long she was working in his studio doing topless glamour shots. All day long he was looking at her tits—working with them you might say—and very nice they were too. He looked at them and shot them from all angles. Then they finished, she got dressed—and he suddenly found he was trying to glimpse them down the neck of her dress. Once they'd been (half) covered up again he found them all the more fascinating.

You only have to glance at Bill's, and Liv's, pictures to see that half dressed can be twice as sexy—and if you need any more convincing, look through the rest of the magazine.

Finally—make-up and hair. Windswept hair can look good, sunburnt noses don't. Your model will know more about make-up than you, so leave it to her. But don't be afraid to suggest a little more here, or a little less there—as long as you make the point that you aren't criticising her *normal* make-up (which is of course immaculate) only this is *special* make-

up . . . Unless you make a habit of bringing battery powered hair rollers in your beach hamper, there isn't much you can do about her hair—except comb it. You'd be surprised at the number of would-be photographers who forget this little detail.

Having said all that, I realise that I might well have taken all the fun out of it. And the candid snaps I mentioned earlier are certainly more fun. But have another look at these professional holiday snaps and ask yourself whether it isn't all worth a little extra trouble?



CORFU - JULY/AUGUST



CORFU - JULY/AUGUST



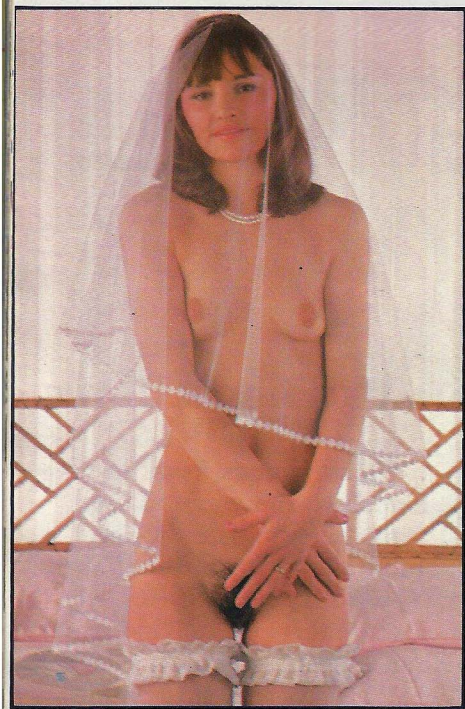
# Rachel Chapman

## AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH

Rachel comes from up Lincolnshire way, and has only been married a few months — so we thought we'd try a few Close Encounters of the Nuptial Kind. Doesn't she look sweet! And what a sexy little smile — looks like Terry, her husband, is on a permanent promise. She's nineteen years old and 5' 3" tall, has a perfect 34-23-34 figure and likes cats. She also likes cream herself and does a marvellous job for the Milk Marketing Board in *Caught In The Act* (pages 8 & 9) — plus extraordinary things to a cream cake. Would-be Amateur Models please note . . .















## HAVE YOU GOT STAR QUALITY?

Ever fancied yourself as a model? Think you've got what it takes? Well, it won't cost you a fortune to find out — and it could net you £150 plus expenses.

Simply fill in the form below and send it in with three recent colour photos of yourself, with at least one featuring you in the nude. If you're successful there's a £25 prize for the person who took these pictures of you, and we'll invite you up to London for a day's modelling.

We'll build a special set in our studio (you might even like to suggest an idea yourself), provide some lascivious lingerie, make sure there's a make-up artist to help you look your best and provide a professional photographer to take some gloriously sexy photos of you. A real day to remember, so let's hear from you now!

**MODEL'S NAME (Block letters please)** .....

**ADDRESS** .....

**MODEL'S SIGNATURE** .....

**MODEL'S DATE OF BIRTH** .....

**PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME (Block letters please)** .....

**ADDRESS** .....

**PHOTOGRAPHER'S SIGNATURE** .....

**DATE (Please give day, month & year)** .....

**WITNESS (Not Photographer)** .....

Send to Knave Amateur Model Feature, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT.





# SLUG

IT'S MY BIRTHDAY TOMORROW, SLUG. HAVE YOU GOT MY PRESENT YET?

NOT YET, MY PRECIOUS.

CAN'T FIND AN ANACONDA ANYWHERE.

I'D REALLY LIKE A SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER SKIN RUG.

BUT, PRECIOUS! THEY'RE HUGE BASTARDS WITH TEETH! HOW ABOUT A MOLESKIN RUG?

I EITHER WANT A TIGER SKIN RUG OR A NICE, ROMANTIC DAY ALONE WITH YOU.

©!!\*!☆!

HAH! THIS IS WHERE IT LIVES AND, SINCE IT'S BEEN OUT HUNTING ALL NIGHT IT'LL BE FAST ASLEEP!

...THEN IT TURNS OUT THE FUCKER'S AN INSOMNIAC. NEARLY HAD MY BALLS OFF.

JUST A SEC, WHAT KIND OF DRESS IS THAT?

SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER. WHY?

RUN LIKE FUCK!

YOU CAN'T SLEEP NOW! WAKE UP YOU BASTARD! EAT ME!

# SLUG!

WELL, SINCE IT'S IN SUCH A GOOD CAUSE, SLUG.

WHISPER!

KLUNK!

OH, SHIT.

DARLING, THIS IS ALL A MISUNDERSTANDING AND TO PROVE MY TRUST IN YOUR SENSE OF DECENCY, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO?

Randy.

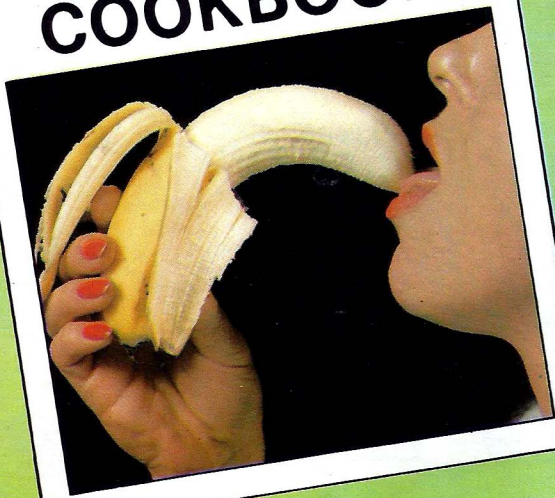


# Cookery Nook

There's a real boom going on in the world of cookbooks these days. Here's a brief glimpse of the more unusual ones that might escape your attention, from Jonathan Clements.

Making blue movies isn't all tinseling and sexy stars who contributed to this juicy book. Most of the time is spent in waiting for a scene to be set up, figuring out camera angles, checking dialogue, finding the cameraman, etc. "All that waiting tends to get you uptight and bored, so you're always hungry," declares Georgina Pelvins. And Marilyn Chompers adds: "After a heap of fucking and sucking, I'm usually starved for a good heap of lasagna, or a chip butty." So good food and good sex go naturally together. It's

## THE PORNO-STARS COOKBOOK



not surprising that many of the top porn stars are first-rate cooks.

If you possibly can, ignore the flippant names of some of their dishes (doubtless dreamed up by their PR man in a fit of delirium tremens), such as "Beef Tongue A La Lovelace", "Bearded Clams", "Breast Of Chick Au Gratin", and "Love Mussels in White Cream Sauce". The recipes in this book are remarkably good, and are designed not only for sexy situations but for any situation — especially if you are a working couple with limited time in the kitchen.

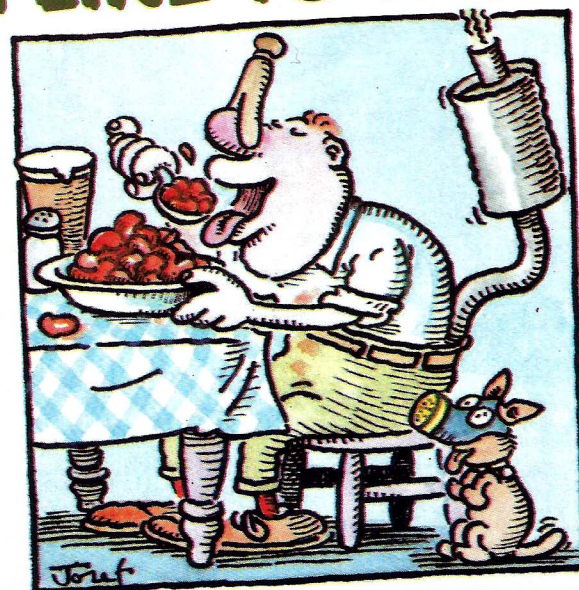
BY ALBERTO GOLDFINCH

"Beans, beans, they're good for the heart: the more you eat them, the more you fart."

Alfred Lord Tennyson penned these immortal words way back in 1861, and they're just as true today. Peggotty Moonglow, author of the "I Like To Get Headaches" Cookbook and the "I Like To Throw Up" Cookbook, has really

outdone herself in gathering the finest bean recipes in the world. Along with the traditional recipes, you can try "Kidney And Broad Beans In Sarsaparilla", "Navy Bean 'n' Beer Soup," and "Tarrablast!" the Mexican jumping-bean casserole that works for days. Included are several recipes to build you up for farting contests and freak-shows at fairs.

## I LIKE TO FART



## COOKBOOK

BY PEGGOTY MOONGLOW

The hottest, spiciest cuisine in the world. "It makes Mexican chili peppers taste like tapioca," says author Yoo. Gunpowder cooking is almost as old as the invention of gunpowder itself, but Mr. Yoo isn't concerned much with tradition. Instead, he gives us the modern version of Chinese Gunpowder cooking that started during World War II, when millions of food packages were dumped on China.

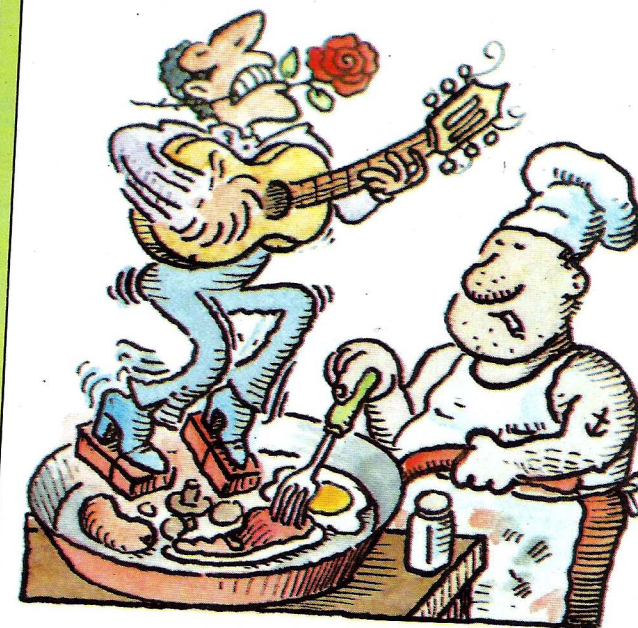
Most of the food was canned or powdered and, to the Chinese palate, inedible. Rather than starve to death, they took the only other ingredient they had, gunpowder, sprinkled it liberally on the food, put a match to it and blew it up. The explosion sears food on the outside, whilst retaining all the juice and flavours inside. Author Yoo's final word on this fiery and exciting cuisine: "Keep a tight lid or you'll have a mess in the kitchen."

## Chinese Gunpowder Cooking



BY FLUCK YOO

## Flamenco



## Cooking

BY MARIA COROBA DALI

Authentic flamenco cooking turns out to be an offshoot of flamenco dancing, and has the same fire and passion. You cook the food by dancing on it with hot stones attached to your shoes. Meats are cooked rare, medium or well-done according to the intensity of your dance steps. Flamenco cooking doesn't pretend to be at all subtle, and doesn't boast a very wide range of dishes, but it has an earthy, uninhibited, gutsy quality that is very satisfying. Many flamenco cooks also claim that the dancing keeps their weight down, so they can eat just about anything.



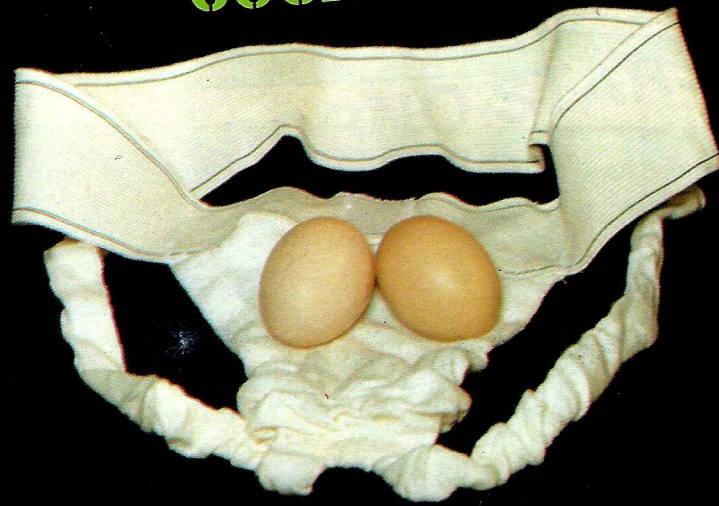
The master chefs from airlines all around the world reveal their well-kept secret recipes. The results are so authentic that you'll feel like you're 25,000 feet up in the air, jetting along in a drugged panic. BOAC's Quentin Thrall contributes his infamous "Chicken In Emulsified Sauce", teaching you the delicate art of separating the fat globules from the watery gravy and suspending them in oily river water. Also included are details of making imitation *au gratin* crusts that keep indefinitely, and can be used as toppings for anything. There's a big section on how to make those cute little foil cups of jam, coffee, ketchup, mayonnaise, jelly, cream, etc. — using nothing but cardboard, sugar, white paint and food colouring.

## THE AIRLINE COOKBOOK



BY PHINEAS FLINGBOW

## HIMALAYAN JOCKSTRAP COOKERY



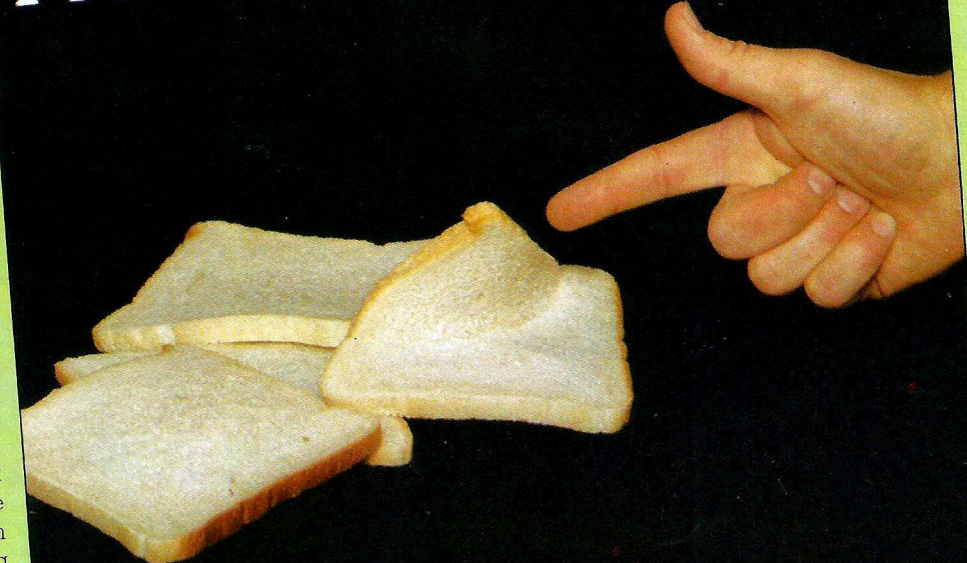
EDITED BY LOLITA MAINSTAY

The jockstrap is to Himalayan cuisine what the wok is to the Chinese — a wondrous all-purpose cooking utensil used in almost every Himalayan dish. It's simply a big cotton pouch with three elastic bands or straps. The basic jockstrap-cooking technique is to put the food in the pouch and swing it to and fro over a fire, while at the same time another cook sprinkles it with spices and water, creating a unique steamed effect.

Jockstrap-cooking can be unusually subtle and varied, particularly when used with such Himalayan delicacies as *nagdag*, *phutt* and *dzhung*, all quite easily obtainable. Jockstrap cleaning and maintenance is a cinch — simply pop it into the washing machine.

The world's greatest psychics, clairvoyants and mediums teach you all how to cook with your mind. You can actually "will" entire meals and tasty snacks without even touching a pot or pan. In this curious tome, you can read about Heathcliffe Wan, a Glasgow caterer who dreams about preparing lavish smorgasboard buffets and wakes to discover they're actually done, but in another city. Dr Zeitgeist shows you how you can talk to a loaf of sliced bread and make it feel guilty. Read about the fascinating saga of Elijah Brown, who, after being blindfolded, tied with leather straps and locked in a wardrobe, can make a fancy Russian salad and toss it.

## PARAPSYCOOKERY



BY WALDORF ZEITGEIST

## THE MACHO COOK BOOK

BY JONQUIL TENDERHEART

It may sound a bit monotonous, but everything in this book is cooked into big balls. Yet most of the recipes are surprisingly tasty and different. And, as the author says, "Real Ballsy". Try the giant-sized meatballs made of rhino and bourbon whiskey; or the "Great Balls of Fire", a combination of Mexican and Chinese peppers in English mustard, deep-fried in Esso motor oil. There's a special section on Hell's Angels cooking, Cuban Communist dishes, even butch-butcher food for the gay things. Don't miss the Hell's Angel's initiation dish — "Highway Smash-Up Pizza".

The charming simplicity of cannibal cookery serves as the starting point of a thorough investigation of the classic dishes of Darkest Africa. From an expedition made by the late Professor Hawk (he was eaten alive at Grimsby on his return), we learn how to make "Roast Leg Of Cyril With Basil And Rosemary",

"Baked Virginia Blue-Eyes Ham", and "Smith Sausages". You'll learn how to make hearty Eskimo soups from leftover bones, and, of course, the famous African one-large-pot cooking. Just about every phase of cannibal cooking is covered here — including a special recipe on how to cook your favourite cook.

## The Cannibal Cookbook



BY PROFESSOR THEODORE HAWK



# HELLO



# DOLLY



This is a special surprise for all you chaps brave enough to admit you played with dolls when you were younger. Come on, when there was no one else around, didn't you look up the skirt of your sister's favourite doll just once? If only to see how the . . . um



. . . legs worked? Of course you did. Bet she wasn't as fascinating as Dolly here — and you can see how her legs work. Dolly has come out of her box at midnight for a stroll around the skirting board. Noddy has nodded off and all Big Ears can offer is big ears. It's boring being a puppet and she'd like you to make her an offer — no strings attached, naturally.









DOLLY  
**KNAVE**  
MAGAZINE



We've been running *Porno Princess* for almost a year now—but we still have trouble keeping track of them all. *Bill Rotsler* can also appreciate our problem ...

# WHAT'S IN A NAME

The making of porn features is still swathed in a lot of secrecy. Even in San Francisco, where they hardly ever get busted, they are inclined to play it very safe. They have 'secret' studios; their location shooting is done very quietly, with minimum noise and fuss, and often the actors have no idea where they will be shooting until they are taken there; blinds are kept down and comings and goings kept 'cool'.

"There is no use flaunting it," a director said, declining to give his name. "We stay cool, no one really minds. But down in L.A. — Wow! You have to be supercool and most companies just don't want to risk it."

Sometimes, when you are talking to an actor or actress they have no idea what the name of the film is. "Usually, yes," said Leslie Bouvee, "but sometimes they change them." The idea, she said, was that a 'cool' name is used on the slateboards, on film cans, and so on, whether or not they know all along what the final name will be. "Sometimes a better title evolves out of the filming itself," said Ms. Bouvee, star of *Champagne for Breakfast*.

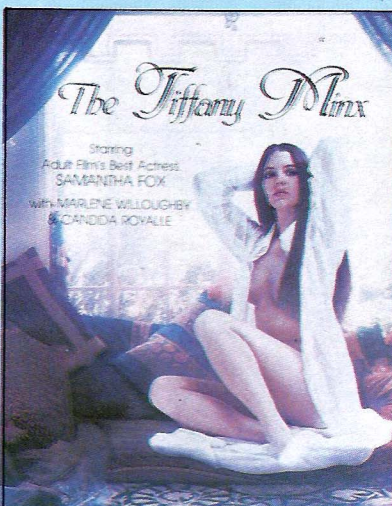
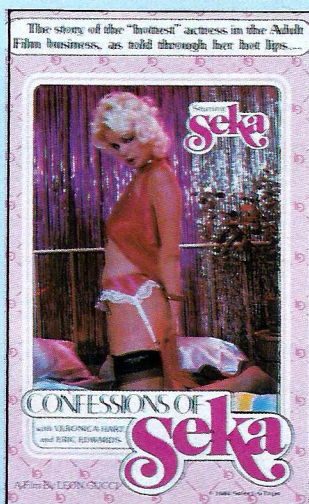
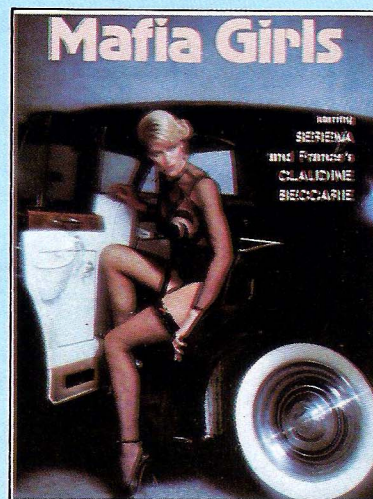
There is hardly an actor or actress working in this end of the business who uses his or her real name, nor do most of the directors, producers and crew. One producer, for example, used a name from *The Third Man* because his father had been a famous screenwriter in Hollywood films.

This started primarily because in the early days of porno films they were getting busted right and left and it was bad news advertising right up there on the screen. As the danger lessened (but didn't disappear) people had a tendency to use real names, or at least near-real names. (First and middle name, last name first and made-up name, etc.)

Most of the really weird, guache, silly, bizarre names are those used by the actors. Some change with every movie, at least until they achieve some kind of 'stardom' and settle down to one.

You have the totally made up 'fantasy name' such as Serena or Seka, and the chic, alluring name, such as Candida Royalle, Samantha Fox, Kandi Barbour, Linda de Love, Desiree Cousteau, Laurien Dominique, Susannah French, Nicole Noir (a.k.a. Black), Desiree West, Danielle Martin, Monique Faberge, Monique Starr, Bridgette Monet, etc.

Then you have what I call the 'stripper name' list, exotic, 'hot' names such as Amber Hunt, Stormy Simons, Becky Savage, Tawny Pearl, Sharon Kane (also Cain and Shirley Wood) Susan London, Jennifer Jordan, Holly McCall, Susan Nero, Honey Wilder, Crystal Joanna Storm, Bambi Woods, Robin Savage, Samantha Morgan and Kari Klark. Can't you just hear the leering announcer? "And now, ladies and



What you see isn't always what you get. The *Mafia Girls* girl isn't Serena (Porno Princess in *Knave 15/5* and top row), neither is she Claudine Beccarie. Another anonymous model promotes *The Tiffany Minx* instead of Samantha Fox (15/3 and bottom row), but at least Seka appears on posters for her own films occasionally.



## WHAT'S IN A NAME?



(Left to right, from the top), Desiree Cousteau, brazen and coy, the delicious Danielle Martin (14/9), Bridgette Monet in *I Like To Watch*, the highly scrutable Mai Lin (15/4), Drea (14/12) with Knave regular Jim Dawson and mean mistress Sharon Mitchell, Caprice (15/6) *en couchant*, the eternal Georgina Spelvin, Maria Tortuga (Christmas Special) selling sausages (?) and Angel Cash—with Jim Dawson getting into the act again.



## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

gentlemen, direct from The Little Girl's Room in Las Vegas, that bouncing ball of beautiful beauty, Crystal Dawn!

Yet all these names are real. 'Real,' that is, in terms of having been used in films.

In San Francisco, you have a number of oriental actresses who have used up almost all the 'oriental' words we know: Kyoto, Ming Toy, Mai Lin, Tokyo, Linda Wong and — of course — Suzy Wong. And you have those names which come directly out of the filmmaking business itself: Georgette Sanders (from George), Annie Sprinkle (who achieved early fame in *Golden Shower* pix), Larry Trash, Michelle Magazine, Deep Throat, Johnny Stag, Bill Buck, Hessie Blue, and Crystal Synk. (There is a film synchronizing method involving radio, matching sound tape to film called 'crystal synchronizing'.)

There are also the one name people: Drea, Cintrace, Portia, Phaedra, Tigr, Serena, Seka, Dominique, Desiree, Caprice, plus Linda Q and Beth Anna.

There's Georgina Spelvin, who I think has the cleverest of *noms de porno*. 'George Spelvin' is the name traditionally used in theatre when an actor plays more than one part, giving it to the lesser role, so that the audience will not know they are 'doubling'.

Then there are some kinky names — such as all the Baronesses and Countesses and so forth, which appear in the bondage films — and the odd names. Veri Knotty comes out of bondage flicks. Angel Cash, Coppy Penny, Cara Lott, Spicey Redhead, Maria Tortuga, Arlene Manhattan, Carmel Monterey, Phae Byrd & Fay Byrd, R.J. Reynolds (from the American tobacco company), John Seeman, Tips Rocks, Sandy Gazelle, Rocky Balboa, Tawny Pearl, Cuddles Malone, Constance Money and Debbie Revenge.

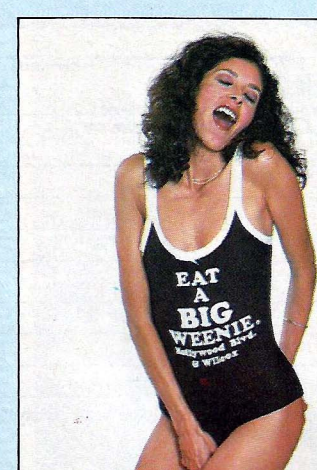
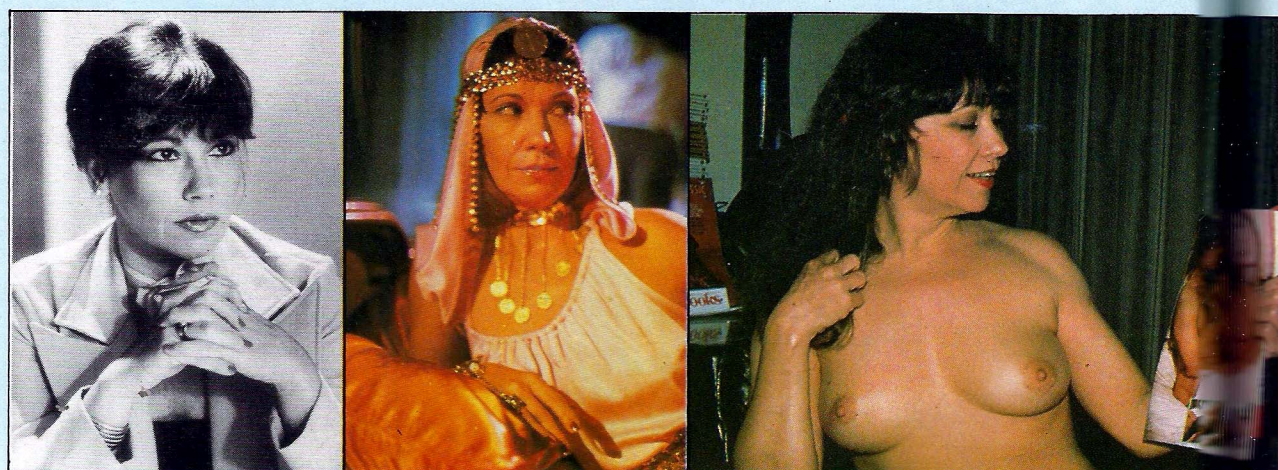
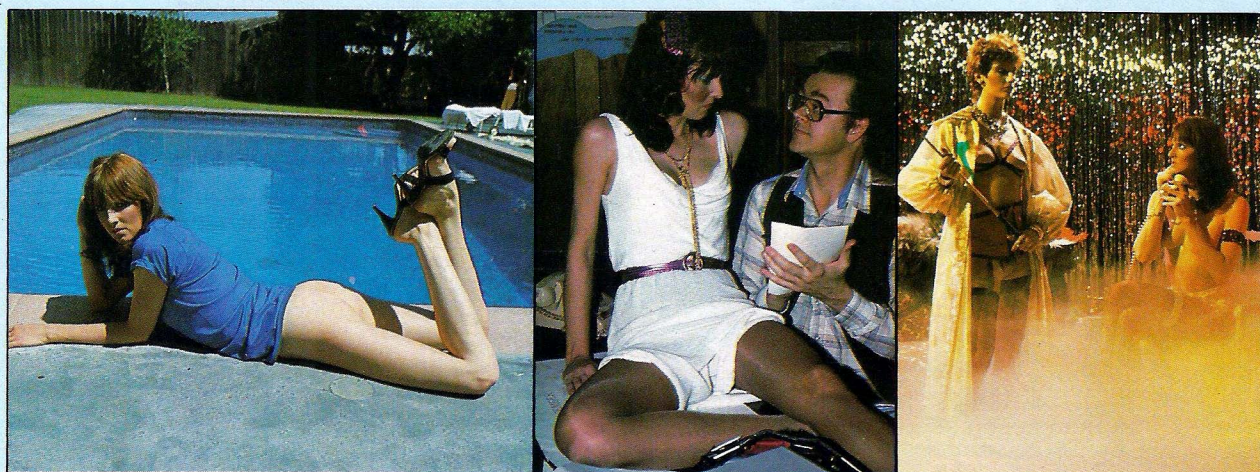
The last name reminds me of conversations with different actresses. Actress No. 1: (I can't give you her name and you'll see why, though it is a perfectly ordinary name.) "That name is the same as a girl in high school who really did me dirt, a real bitch. So every time a newspaper says so-and-so is starring in *Piss Up A Rope* or whatever, I think, fuck me over, will you?"

Actress No. 2: "I use my mother's maiden name. She was such a bitch."

Actress No. 3: "My stage name is the nickname of someone I really hated. She took my husband away and this is my way of getting back. I say things in films, ad-lib things, so that everyone back home knows what I mean, what I'm saying, and she's a laughing stock. I don't give a damn if they know I do porn, but *she* does!"

Most of the bizarre (and/or stupid) names are those of transient players, people in the business for a limited time before moving on. I have a theory that whenever you see names in the credits like Marilyn Mansfield, Cumin Hard, Jack Oft and Lotta Krappe, these are people who think they are in a 'piece of shit'. (That is a technical term, by the way.).

Finally, as I mentioned earlier, many films are shot with a working title that gets changed later. Occasionally the working titles themselves have a certain poetry to them. One actress I know swears that she has worked on films shot under the following titles — although they were never used: *Black Pricks* and *White Cunts*, *Fornication Castle*, *The Twat That Ate Cleveland* and *The Beast From The Bidet*. So now you know!





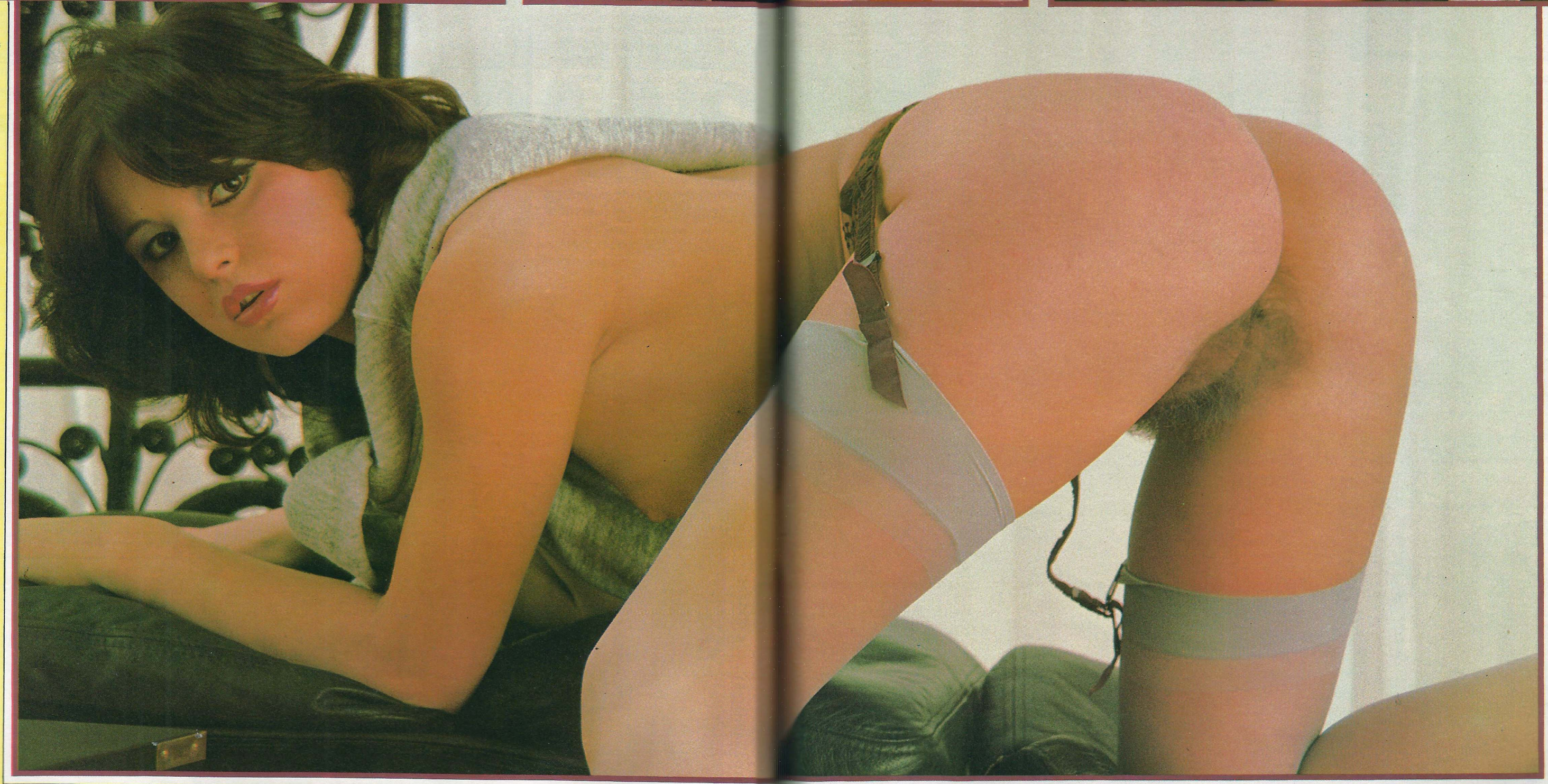
# Louise Curran

## AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH

What, exactly, do we mean by an Amateur Model? Well, basically a winsome and/or wanton lovely who hasn't appeared in a men's magazine before. Which is why we were a bit worried when Louise declared she'd modelled before. Swift subsidence of panic when we found she'd only worked for an amateur photographers' club. No wonder she's so good! She once worked in a bank, now she's an up-and-coming advertising lady from the Manchester area. Any more lascivious ladies fancy a flaunt? Sign up on page 89 . . .















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**MODEL'S NAME (Block letters please)** .....

**ADDRESS** .....

**MODEL'S SIGNATURE** .....

**MODEL'S DATE OF BIRTH** .....

**PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME (Block letters please)** .....

**ADDRESS** .....

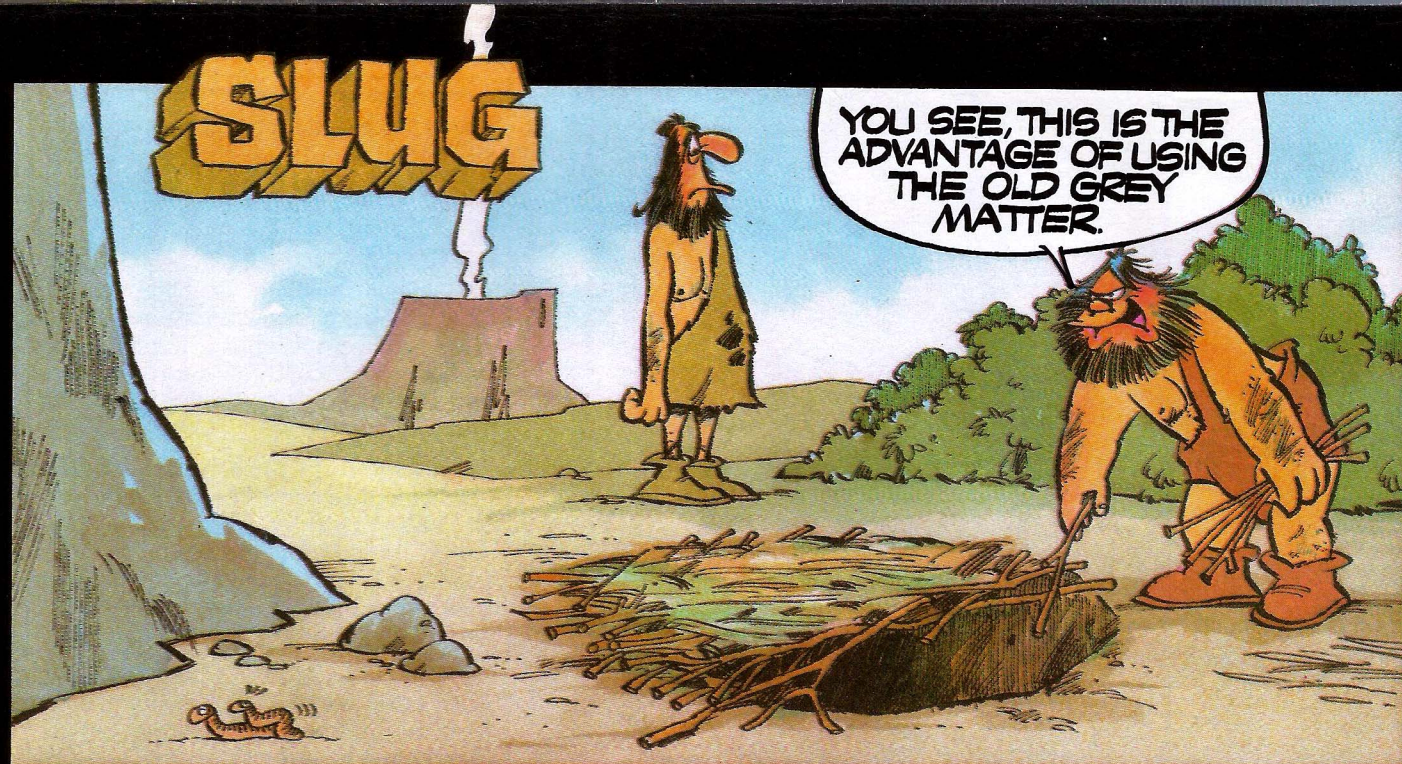
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**DATE (Please give day, month & year)** .....

**WITNESS (Not Photographer)** .....

Send to Knave Amateur Model Feature, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT.

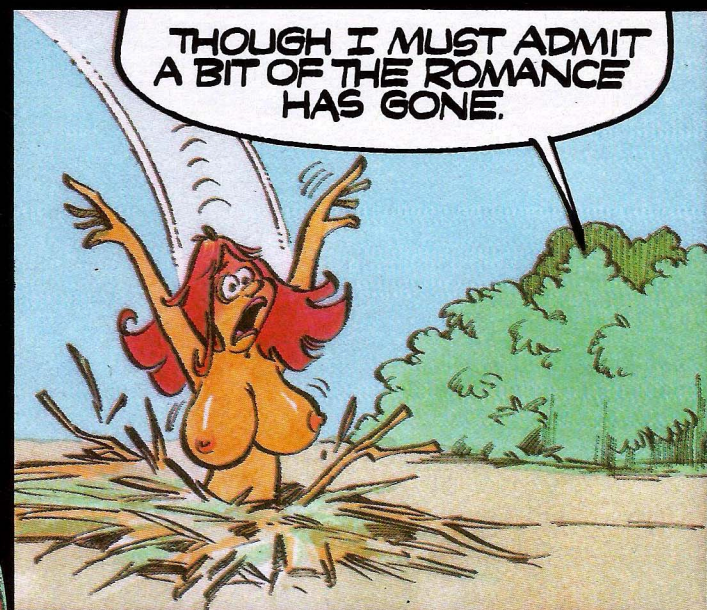




**SLUG**

YOU SEE, THIS IS THE ADVANTAGE OF USING THE OLD GREY MATTER.

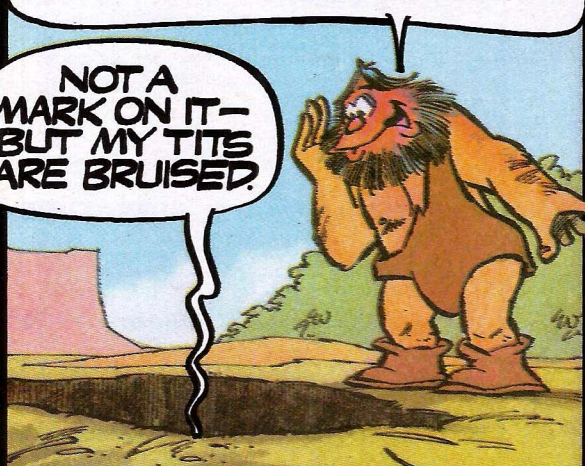
ALONG COMES THE PREY, FALLS DOWN THE HOLE AND WE NO LONGER RISK BEING BITTEN OR SCRATCHED!



THOUGH I MUST ADMIT A BIT OF THE ROMANCE HAS GONE.

HEY, YOU! ARE YOU OKAY DOWN THERE IN THE HOLE?

NOT A MARK ON IT— BUT MY TITS ARE BRUISED.



NB. STONE-AGE HUMOUR, LIKE IT'S SOCIETY, WAS NOT NOTED FOR ITS SUBTLETY.



WH... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

BELIEVE ME, OUR INTENTIONS ARE HONOURABLE.

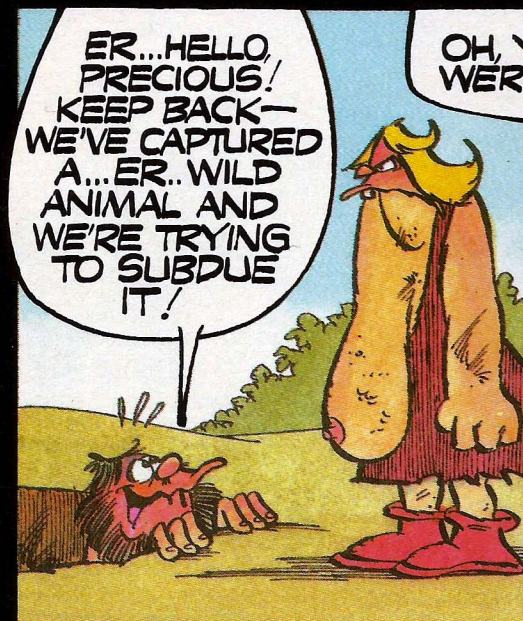


LET'S DISCUSS IT OVER A BLOWJOB!



MEANWHILE, A TIMID CREATURE OF THE FOREST SEARCHES FOR ITS MATE...

SLUG! WHERE ARE YOU, YOU SLIMY PIECE OF SHIT?



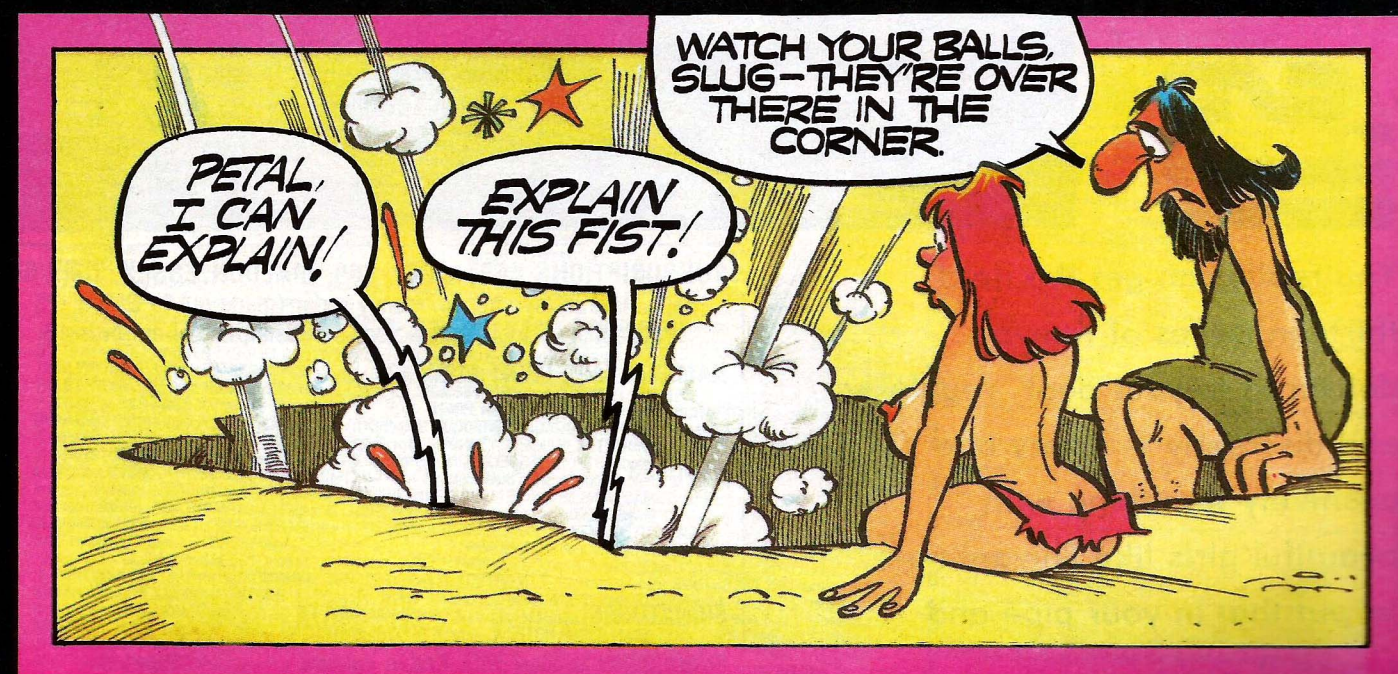
ER...HELLO, PRECIOUS! KEEP BACK— WE'VE CAPTURED A...ER.. WILD ANIMAL AND WE'RE TRYING TO SUBDUCE IT!

OH, YOU BRAVE BOY! WERE YOU BITTEN?

I'LL SAY! SHE DAMN NEAR HAD THE TOP OF MY WINKIE OFF!



OH, SHIT.



PETAL, I CAN EXPLAIN!

EXPLAIN THIS FIST!

WATCH YOUR BALLS, SLUG—THEY'RE OVER THERE IN THE CORNER.



# It's not just a pipe dream...

You really can get the next thirteen issues of Knave delivered to your door, regularly and discreetly — every one positively throbbing with beautiful girls like Shivani here. So put that in your pipe and smoke it . . .



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